The Outlook

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The Dreyfus Trial In spite of the charge from the French Supreme Court to the Rennes court martial that evidence could be taken only on the question, Did Dreyfus betray army secrets to a foreign power? that court martial has continued to fulfill the desires of the prosecution by taking evidence upon four charges of guilt. These are: (1) The authorship by Dreyfus of the *bordereau* (or memorandum of French army secrets found in 1894 at the German embassy); (2) the communication by Dreyfus of these secrets; (3) the additional proof found in the secret *dossier*, or bundle of papers bearing on the case; (4) the alleged confession of guilt by Dreyfus. As to the first of these matters, the authorship of the *bordereau*, last week's testimony bore specially on the notes in that document on the pneumatic brake of the "120 gun," and on a firing manual for field artillery. As to the 120 gun, Lieutenant Bruyère and Captain Carvalho both said that its inspection was easy for any officer to obtain, and that detailed explanations concerning the brake were given to the officers present when the gun was fired. On two such occasions Lieutenant Bruyère noticed the presence of a group of non-artillery officers. As to the firing manual, not only was a copy given to each battery, but all officers could obtain as many copies as they liked. Each witness had bought copies. Major Hartmann, of the artillery, whose testimony before the Court of Cassation is supposed to have influenced that Court's decision as much as any, affirmed that the author of the *bordereau* did not know what he was writing about, since he spoke of the "120 short gun," when he meant the "120 long gun." Major Hartmann's evidence was to the effect that Dreyfus was not the author of the *bordereau*, and that the artillery information mentioned in it was accessible to many officers of all arms. General Deloye, Director of French Artillery, showed that an officer like Dreyfus would not have made the technical blunder of referring to the hydro-pneumatic brake as the "hydraulic" brake, as the author of the *bordereau* did. General Sebert, of the Marine Artillery, criticised the *bordereau* from a professional standpoint, doubting that its author could be an artillery officer because of the employment of expressions which an artilleryman could not have used. General Sebert closed his testimony as follows:

> I reassert most emphatically that the *bordereau* was not written by an artillery officer or by an officer who passed through the Polytechnic School. I have been sustained in giving my evidence by my firm belief in the entire innocence of Dreyfus, and I am glad I have had strength enough to bring here the stone which I have to lay on the edifice of reparation which you are constructing so carefully and conscientiously.

❀

The Communication of Secrets The formal indictment of Dreyfus as the betrayer of army secrets to a foreign power (by which phrase Germany is understood) contains the following passage:

> As regards the journeys of Captain Dreyfus, it is clear from his answers under cross-examination that he could go to Alsace by stealth almost whenever he wished to do so; and that the German authorities shut their eyes to his presence there. This faculty of clandestine travel may properly be made a charge against him.

As a matter of fact, whenever Dreyfus desired to visit his old home, once the French Mulhouse, but, since the war of 1870, now the German Mühlhausen, he was obliged to apply to his superior officer, who forwarded a request to the German authorities for a passport. Without such authorization, any French officer attempting to enter Alsace would have been

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apprehended as a spy. A groom named Germain deposed to seeing Dreyfus at the German army maneuvers. Germain testified that he had been employed in a livery stable at Mulhouse, had saddled a horse for the prisoner, and that he knew him to be Captain Dreyfus, as Major d'Infreville had told him so. Maître Demange, senior counsel for the defense, inquired whether the witness had not been prosecuted for embezzlement. At first Germain denied this, but afterwards admitted it, whereupon the counsel also showed that he had been sentenced a second time for the same crime. Dreyfus's comment was as follows:

> Every year, both while studying and attending the Gunnery and Artillery Training Schools, I passed one or two months at Mulhouse. But I can positively affirm that I never was present either in an official or semi-official capacity at the German maneuvers.

The prisoner's testimony, however, was not altogether necessary, so far as this particular witness was concerned, for Germain's employer testified that Dreyfus had never hired a horse at that livery stable, and that all the groom had said was untrue. Major d'Infreville followed, and declared that he never knew Dreyfus at all, and hence could not have identified him.

❀

The "Confession" Last week's work at Rennes had not much to do with the secret *dossier*. As that bundle of papers has already been found to consist of perjuries and forgeries, its apologists wisely let it largely alone. They made their great stand, however, on the fourth and final charge against Dreyfus, namely, that he had made a confession of his guilt to Captain Lebrun-Renault, of the Republican Guard, who had been intrusted with the task of conducting Dreyfus from his prison to the courtyard of the Military School where he was degraded. The wording of this confession, which has been printed and reprinted ever since January, 1895, is: "If I have given up documents to a foreign power, they were of no consequence, and were delivered in order to obtain more important ones." On the first day of the present trial Dreyfus declared that, while he continually protested his innocence, he did tell Captain Lebrun-Renault that Colonel du Paty de Clam came to him in his cell, urging him to admit that, if he gave documents, it was in order to obtain others. This suggestion Dreyfus had emphatically repudiated. As stated before the court last week, Captain Lebrun-Renault's account of the prisoner's words, after the degradation, reads: "I am innocent. In three years my innocence will be acknowledged. The Minister knows it well. He told Du Paty de Clam to tell me so, some days ago in my cell. He said to me that, if I had communicated documents to Germany, they were of no importance, and that they were given to obtain more serious and more important ones." On this "confession" Dreyfus commented thus:

> I have already explained the meaning of these words concerning the Minister. It was the answer I gave when Colonel du Paty de Clam visited me in prison, when I also said I was innocent. I completed this declaration by a letter which I wrote to the Minister in response to this visit, again asserting my innocence. Colonel du Paty de Clam asked me if I had given up documents without importance in the hope of obtaining others of more importance. I told him no; that I wanted the fullest investigation.
>
> Permit me to express my emotion on seeing that, after five years, a person who heard words of mine beginning with a protestation of innocence, . . . transformed those words in repeating them to his superiors, without asking of me, the person most interested, a clear and succinct explanation, a proceeding which must rouse in any honest man a sense of shame. Where did Captain Lebrun-Renault get the idea that this was a confession? If that was his idea, why did he not make it certain by a direct question? Why, if my words made no definite impression on his mind, did he permit his superiors, without any protest on his part, to pervert and transform them into a formal avowal of guilt? I say that this is an action against which the conscience of all honest men must protest!

In reply to this denunciation Captain Lebrun-Renault had not a word to say.

❀

Major Forzinetti Following this testimony came that of Major Forzinetti, Governor of the Cherche-Midi prison when Dreyfus was confined there. Major Forzinetti testified that, while in prison, Dreyfus always seemed to have the bearing of an innocent man, and always asserted his innocence. Immediately after his degradation, however, Dreyfus gave way to such despair that it was necessary for the witness to remain with him until three o'clock in the morning. Drey-

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fus admitted that, after his degradation, he wanted to commit suicide, but that, if he succeeded in enduring all the torture inflicted then and later, it was owing to his wife, who made him understand his duty. He then added:

> It is also to Forzinetti I owe that I am here to-day. I determined, after my condemnation, to commit suicide. It was Forzinetti who pointed out to me what my duty was. It was he who told me to walk with my head high at the execution of the sentence and cry out my innocence.

Major Forzinnetti further deposed that Colonel du Paty de Clam asked him to surprise Dreyfus in his sleep, catching him off his guard by throwing the light of a bright lamp in his face. The witness also testified that Captain Lebrun-Renault denied any admission of guilt made by Dreyfus to him. Captain Lebrun-Renault admitted this, explaining it by General Risbourg's order to him to deny it to every one. The sum of the week's testimony was thus distinctly favorable to Dreyfus.

❀

Alleged New Evidence Nothing about the management of the Dreyfus case by the accusers on the General Staff has been more significant than the fact that as each piece of evidence alleged to tell against the prisoner has been examined, and its futility exposed by the defense, some quite new and apparently startling evidence has been produced, in its turn again to be brought to naught. On Monday of this week, when the trial was coming toward its end, the public was startled by the assertion that an entirely new secret *dossier* existed, which is now called the general espionage *dossier*. Secret sessions were ordered to be held to examine this late-in-the-day evidence. Still another surprise was sprung upon the defense on Monday in the testimony of a witness who called himself Cernuschi, but who is said by some late despatches to be an irresponsible and hardly sane person of another name. This witness says that in 1894, in Paris, where he was staying as a political refugee, he was told by the Austrian military attaché at Paris (Colonel Schneider) that Dreyfus and three other French officers were systematically supplying foreign embassies with the military secrets of France. Why such a dangerous and injurious statement should have been made by the attaché to a person who was practically a stranger does not appear. The defense demanded an opportunity to investigate the antecedents and character of the witness. Moreover, this introduction by the prosecution of foreign testimony led M. Labori to demand that the defense should have the opportunity to introduce testimony from foreign sources, which would absolutely deny, not only this particular testimony, but all alleged evidence showing that Dreyfus communicated secrets.

❀

Catherine Harbor Russia is not only startling the world by such great transportation enterprises as, in railways, the Trans-Siberian and the Central Asiatic systems, and, in canals, the internal waterway which is to connect the Black and the Baltic Seas; she has also nearly completed another adjunct of transportation, namely, the new ice-free port of Catherine Harbor on the Arctic Ocean, to which a railway from St. Petersburg will be built at once. The naval and commercial advantages of this last manifestation are important. The Russian fleet in the Baltic is always compelled to pass through narrow and easily blocked channels, but now a naval station will shortly be opened to which war-ships may sail from the open ocean, and from which a seven-day journey will bring them to the North Sea. On the coast immense shoals of fish, especially cod and herring, come in spawning-time. Next to the fishing trade expected, the Government hopes that a lumber trade will be developed from the hitherto almost inaccessible forests of Olonez and Archangelsk. These forests stretch from Lake Onega to the Ural Mountains; they are mostly pine. At Catherine Harbor the sun does not rise at all for two months in winter but during the entire year the harbor is kept free from ice by the warm Gulf Stream. When work began at Catherine Harbor there were no inhabitants there. The Russian Government, however, following its magnificent if sometimes oppressive autocracy, erected dwelling-houses and then transported the entire population of the nearest town, Kola, forty miles north, to the new town.

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The War in Luzon From the Philippines the chief news reports of last week were of a defeat of insurgents in Mindanao by the soldiers of our new ally, the Sultan of Sulu; of a threatened attack on Imus by the insurgents, which has not been carried out; and of an expedition to inflict punishment upon Cebu insurgents, or brigands, who had waylaid and killed several men, and are said to be intimidating friendly natives from their hill strongholds in the interior. From Washington it is reported that the naval authorities are urging an effective blockade of the ports of Luzon to cut off the insurgents from the supplies and ammunition which, it is admitted, now constantly reach them by sea; many small vessels are now available for the purpose; the only objection seems to be the possibility that the step might possibly lead to a recognition of the insurgents' belligerency by some foreign power. One additional major-general and probably five additional brigadier-generals will be appointed by President McKinley for the new volunteer army which is being organized. General Funston, who is just leaving Manila for San Francisco with his Kansas regiment, strongly favors the use of cavalry in the campaign, a measure to which General Otis is opposed. He thinks that the insurgent armies will be dispersed within the year.

❀

Legal Aspects of the Philippine Question At the meeting of the American Bar Association in Buffalo last week none of the subjects discussed attracted more interest than the legal and constitutional questions involved in the relations of the United States to the Philippines. Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, who presided in the absence of Ambassador Choate, while he declared it to be his sincere hope that separate autonomy might be safely had for these islands, added that we can surely trust Congress to grant it when the proper time may come, and that meanwhile "the plain duty that devolves upon this country is to suppress this revolt; with firm, strong hand put down this insurrection, and, when our sovereignty is acknowledged and our supremacy made manifest, with kindly guidance and generous aid lead these people of the Asiatic seas to self-government." Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, was equally emphatic as to the immediate duty of our Government. Senator Lindsay made an extremely able and well-reasoned argument upon the constitutional questions involved—the best argument, indeed, that has been brought out during the whole expansion controversy so far as relates to law, Constitution, and precedent. We quote some passages of special interest:

To substitute the control of the United States for the control of Spain in the Philippines; to introduce American institutions in the room and stead of Spanish methods; to replace absolute and unlimited power with the restraining principles of constitutional liberty, will not be to contravene great fundamental principles. It will be the first step in securing to the inhabitants of those distant countries the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It will be to the people of these islands the dawn of a morning which in God's providence will ripen into a day of deliverance from tyranny and oppression, at the hands of either a foreign master or a home-bred despot.

To secure the inalienable rights of man, governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. To the want of consent by the Filipinos great importance is given. Their want of opportunity to express consent receives no consideration. We cannot presume that the offer of law and order through stable government to a people who have never enjoyed the blessings of either would be rejected could they be afforded the opportunity to consider the offer and freely to express their will. Insurgent chieftains may challenge our admiration and arouse our sympathy, but they and their followers cannot be permitted to decide for eight million people whether they are willing to accept orderly government administered under the restraint of American institutions. Our forefathers did not take up arms against the British King for the mere assertion of the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Their claim was that when any form of government becomes destructive of the ends of government, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it.

The United States did not ask the consent of the inhabitants of Louisiana, or Florida, or New Mexico, or Upper California, to the cessions made by France and Spain and the Republic of Mexico, nor was it understood, when we assumed sovereign jurisdiction over those people, that we were violating the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Orderly government faithfully administered in the interests of the governed superinduces consent. New Mexico and Arizona have been governed as Territories more than fifty years, Congress has governed the District of Columbia more than a hundred years, yet the Declaration of Independence is neither dead nor sleeping. It

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remains the thought and spirit of the Constitution, and continues to command the reverence of all our people.

I do not claim that the Government of the United States is specially adapted to a colonial policy, or that its methods of administration qualify it, in any marked degree, to hold and govern dependencies in any portion of the world, proximate or remote. On the contrary, it is of doubtful expediency to hold colonies or dependencies at all, and such holding can only be justified by necessity. When, however, duty admits of no escape without the sacrifice of National honor or dignity, the necessity then exists.

❀

Cuban Affairs In his proclamation of August 17 to the Cuban people, President McKinley announces the reason for taking the proposed census to be its value as a preliminary step in the performance of the duty of the United States towards Cuba. This duty the proclamation defines as follows:

> The disorganized condition of your island, resulting from the war, and the absence of any generally recognized authority aside from the temporary military control of the United States, has made it necessary that the United States should follow the restoration of order and peaceful industry by giving its assistance and supervision to the successive steps by which you will proceed to the establishment of an effective system of self-government.

This seems to American readers as clear as it is just. Cuban newspapers, however, the press despatches state, interpret the President's words in accordance with their respective political wishes. Thus, the "Patria" and the "Discussion" construe the proclamation as a definite reaffirmation of the Congressional joint resolution, and as assuring the granting of independence at an early day; while the "Nuevo Pais" and the "Diario de la Marina" comment on the alleged ambiguity of the proclamation's phraseology, and call attention to the fact that the word independence nowhere appears in it. Of interest in this connection is the recent report from General Fitzhugh Lee, which, in response to a request from the War Department for suggestions as to the future course of the United States, recommends that as soon as the census is taken a general election be ordered for a President, Vice-President, and delegates to a Congress; that the United States should continue to garrison the island for the present, and should keep strict supervision over the affairs of Cuba until a republican form of government has been adopted by the people thereof; and that "the future of the Cuban Republic shall be vested in the people and their representatives so far as it relates to the question of an American protectorate or annexation to the United States."

❀

The Revolution in San Domingo The resignation of President Figuereo, of San Domingo, indicates the complete success of the revolutionists in that island. General Figuereo, who succeeded the assassinated President, General Heureaux, by virtue of his position as Vice-President, is now in turn succeeded by General Vasquez—note that the Spanish-American President is almost invariably a General. General Vasquez is the head of the provisional government organized by the revolutionists. It is reported, but seems hardly credible, that the assassin of Heureaux is a member of the Provisional Cabinet. It is hoped that the sane and reasonable course of holding a Presidential election will follow. That this will happen, however, is very far from being sure, as those who have power are prone to keep it. Indeed, it is a striking commentary on San Domingo politics that no one seems to feel sure that General Jiminez, who has been the ostensible head of the revolutionary party, although he has been in Cuba, will not obtain the Presidency—the reason given being that he may find his subordinate, General Vasquez, now in turn his enemy and rival. There is no doubt that the success of the revolutionary movement in the island has been general, although there has been little serious fighting, and, for the present at least, the government established by the late General Heureaux is destroyed. The insurgents had occupied many towns before the surrender of President Figuereo, which gave them possession of the capital. General Jiminez again last week made an attempt to leave Cuba for San Domingo, this time from Santiago. He was promptly arrested by order of General Wood, but, according to Cuban despatches, was again released by order of Governor-General Brooke, and will probably be in San Domingo when these lines are read. To observers at this distance it certainly

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seems that General Wood was in the right, as General Jiminez had been loudly proclaiming his intention of overturning the government of San Domingo, with which the United States was still in friendly diplomatic relations. Some of the representatives of the revolution who are in this country declare that the chief cause of the uprising is race feeling; that practically all the men who have been in power are negroes, and that the feeling of revolt among the whites against negro government is at the bottom of the movement. The leaders, however, are unwilling to lay stress upon this point, as the negro population in the island is so large; and they make serious charges of corruption against Heureaux's government. The currency question is also an important factor in the disturbances. The silver and paper currency of the island is greatly depreciated as compared with the gold standard, and it is alleged that enormous quantities of currency have been issued without any basis but the credit of a doubtful government.

❀

Porto Rico Governor-General Davis has sent to the Secretary of War a full report of the plan of reorganization of the civil service which went into operation about the middle of August. The object was to reduce expenditure and simplify methods. The State, Treasury, and Interior Departments have been changed into Bureaus and put under the supervision of a new officer to be called Civil Secretary to the Military Governor. The effect of this and other changes is to centralize the power more directly under the control of the Governor-General. Appointments have been made, General Davis states, purely on considerations of merit and experience and without regard to political parties. The Board of Charities has been also reorganized with a view to carrying out promptly and systematically the distribution of relief supplies. The central depot is at San Juan, with subdepots in chief towns of all districts. Reports from the towns in the path of the hurricane show that the loss of life and the destitution have not been exaggerated. In special despatches to the War Department General Davis renews his request for 1,000 tons of food weekly until further notice, and says it will take $1,500,000 to relieve the suffering. He adds:

> The most pressing need is for food, and the aggregate cost of all that will be required to bridge over the period until a new supply of fruits and vegetables are grown will be an enormous sum. While thousands of families were left homeless, their houses were generally made of poles and thatched. The places where the destruction was greatest are far in the interior, reached only by pack-mules. It will be next to impossible to transport lumber to those regions. Such lumber as has been shipped will have to be used near the seacoast, and the people whose houses were blown away must replace them with the same material as that destroyed, which they are doing and will do if the hungry are fed. If the charitable people of the United States relieve the hunger of all who would famish, a vast work will have been accomplished, and all that I think we should be expected to attain.

The report upon Porto Rico by the Insular Commission which has been studying the island's needs and possibilities for the last half-year has just been made. It recommends that military should give way to civil rule, and proposes a system of courts, schools, and public improvements based on American models. The code would abrogate, of course, the old Spanish law throughout. "It is a matter of imperative necessity," says the Commission, "that these people be speedily relieved from their present conditions and from the systems of oppression under which they have been laboring for hundreds of years. A horde of officeholders is eating up the substance of the people; the taxes, gathered from every possible source, are not used for their benefit, but for their oppression, and they are receiving nothing in return for the great burdens imposed upon them."

❀

The Ohio Democrats When the Ohio Republican Convention was dominated by the combination of Senator Hanna and George B. Cox—the Croker of Cincinnati—there seemed to be an opportunity for the Democrats to recover the State upon the issue of boss rule. This opportunity they have let slip by putting in nomination for Governor Mr. John R. McLean, the proprietor of the Cincinnati "Enquirer." Mr. McLean represents in the Democratic party the same influences as Mr. Hanna and Mr. Cox in the Republican. He is one of the few

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very rich Democrats in the State, and his nomination is due to the power that his money and newspaper gave him in securing the support of politicians in various parts of the State. His chief opponent was Colonel James Kilbourne, of Columbus, a man of character, culture, and conviction, who, although a successful manufacturer, became a Democrat on the tariff question, and is now especially strong with organized labor, because of the generous treatment of employees that has always characterized his factories. Had the choice between them been submitted to direct primaries—as is now required in the selection of State candidates in South Carolina and Georgia—Colonel Kilbourne would have won with ease, but in the delegate conventions the rich newspaper proprietor who has always backed the machine was able to control. At the State Convention at Zanesville Mr. McLean was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 402½ votes against 227 for Mr. Kilbourne, and 172 for five minor candidates. Largely because of Mr. Kilbourne's defeat and Mr. McLean's nomination, both of which have seemed inevitable for weeks, Mayor Jones, of Toledo, has consented to enter the field, taking for his emblem "The Man with the Hoe," and for his platform principles looking toward a co-operative commonwealth. How large a vote he will poll depends—unfortunately for him—not upon the personality of the candidates, but upon the anxiety of the voters to record themselves upon the National issues put forward by the great party conventions. The Democrats last week not only reaffirmed their devotion to the Chicago platform in general and the free coinage of silver in particular, but condemned the war in the Philippines, and demanded that "the Cubans and Filipinos be not only permitted but encouraged to form independent republics."

❀

The Price of Meat

The recent rise in the price of meat, amounting to nearly two cents a pound in Eastern cities, has caused a great deal of condemnation of the meat "trust," and led the Butchers' Association of New York and vicinity to plan a co-operative system by which they may purchase and slaughter their own live stock. The condemnation of the trust because of the rise has been overstrained in many quarters. It is probably true, as the Armours virtually admitted to one of the Congressional committees, that the five great Chicago packing-houses arrange together the price of meat; but at the present time, as Secretary Wilson states, there are natural reasons why the price of meat should rise. There is a great deal more money in circulation than there has been for several years, and the demand for meat has probably increased more than the demand for more necessary food products. This, however, is the smaller part of the change that has taken place since the beginning of 1892. According to the statistics kept by the Department of Agriculture, the farmers of this country have been selling off their live stock faster than it has been renewed. The figures are striking:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Swine.
1892.....	37,700,000	44,900,000	52,400,000
1899.....	28,000,000	39,100,000	38,700,000

This remarkable falling off, during a period in which the number of American farms has materially increased, would seem to indicate that the raising of live stock has been even less profitable than other branches of farming—and for this the beef combination may be responsible; but for the present rise in prices, when an increased demand finds a depleted supply, the "trust" is surely not to be arraigned. However, there is much truth in the statement of New York butchers that there is an exasperating difference between the prices they pay for meat and those the Western cattle-raisers receive, and no little truth in the statement of the cattle-raisers that the trust pays them less for meat than local butchers paid years ago, but charges consumers as much as ever. The present movement, therefore, to enable New York butchers to deal directly with Western cattle-growers deserves every encouragement. The California fruit-growers, after a good many trials, have established co-operative exchanges through which they reach their Eastern markets; and New York butchers ought to be able, by similar effort, to reach their Western supplies. It is reported that the subscriptions of butchers to the proposed co-operative company have already passed the million-dollar mark, and they promise to make a firm stand.

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Preserving Places of Historic Interest

In October Mr. C. R. Ashbee, who is well known in London as the founder of a school and guild of handicraft and as much interested in the preservation of ancient London, and who is carrying on now some of the work of the Kelmscott Press, which William Morris started, will visit America to rouse interest in the work of "The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty." Canon Rawnsley, of Crosthwaite, Keswick, who is known as a sonneteer and ballad-writer, and also as the author of the "Literary Associations of the English Lakes" and "Life and Nature at the English Lakes," will accompany him. The "National Trust" was projected by him, and he has from the first been its honorary secretary, but the idea of it came from America, and both the lecturers feel that all that is needed is that the work shall be known to enlist the sympathy of their American cousins. The "National Trust," with the Duke of Westminster at its head, and with Sir Robert Hunter as chairman, and with a council of men and women well known in English public life, exists "to promote the permanent preservation, for the benefit of the nation, of lands and tenements, including buildings of beauty or historic interest;" and, as regards lands, "to preserve as far as practicable their natural aspect, features, and animal and plant life;" and for this purpose to accept from private owners of property gifts of places of interest or beauty, and to hold the lands, houses, and other property thus acquired, by gift or by purchase, in trust for and enjoyment of the nation." The root idea was borrowed from the Society entitled "Trustees of Public Reservations" in Massachusetts, which, under the guidance of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wigglesworth, and others, did such good work as to induce the State to step in and to create a permanent Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners. A committee formed in each great city of America to co-operate with this central and representative committee of the "National Trust" could do much, both by its public opinion and its public spirit, to stimulate England to preserve its gems of scenery and its jewels of historic scene. Miss Octavia Hill, who is a member of the council, writing of the "National Trust" in the "Nineteenth Century" for July, says:

> The "National Trust" has not been more than five years at work, but we have made a small practical beginning which we believe will gradually develop. We have received from one lady a gift of a beautiful cliff at Barmouth; we have purchased a headland of fourteen acres in Cornwall, commanding the best view of Tintagel; we are appealing now for help to secure a wooded hillside in Kent, with a splendid view; we have bought and entirely preserved from ruin a lovely old fourteenth-century clergy-house in a ford of the Sussex Downs; we have purchased a piece of primeval fenland, to preserve plants, moths, and birds peculiar to the Cambridge marshes, and have received a gift of a spur of a Kentish hill commanding a lovely view over the country—this was given in memory of a brother, by a lady and gentleman who wished to make this a memorial to him. . . . Beautiful indeed! it is free for all time to the step of every comer, a bit of England belonging to the English in a very special way.

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Discrimination Against Americans

The Inter-State Commerce Commission last week rendered two decisions regarding railroad discrimination in favor of foreigners. One of them related to the higher charge levied upon "export" flour than upon "export" wheat. The difference, says the Commission, is often four cents a hundred pounds, which causes wheat to be shipped abroad and milled in England, when naturally it would be made into flour here and shipped in that form. This unjust discrimination against American millers the Commission condemns, and declares that the rate on flour shall not exceed the rate on wheat by more than two cents a hundred pounds—the maximum difference in the cost of the service. The other case, however, was more important and the decision less satisfactory. It appears that the roads are charging half as much again for shipping wheat to Eastern cities for sale there as is charged for shipping it through those cities for sale abroad. For example, the published rates per 100 pounds now stand as follows:

	Domestic rate.	Export rate.
Chicago to New York..	17 cents	12 cents
Mississippi River to Boston.....	21½ cents	12 cents

The Commission holds that "during the season of closed lake navigation the export

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and the domestic grain rates to New York should ordinarily be the same," but that " rates to other ports, including Boston, . . . may perhaps be properly made lower on export than on domestic traffic, to enable them to compete for the export business." In other words, while the domestic miller must be given the same rates as the English miller, the domestic consumer may be charged half as much again as the English consumer. A great deal might be said, indeed, to show that such discriminations enable roads to increase their business without unfairly injuring the business of their competitors and without overcharging the patrons paying the higher rates; but, when all has been said, the feeling remains that domestic consumers are entitled to the same rate as foreign consumers, when the same service is rendered them.

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The Plague It is now admitted that genuine cases of the bubonic plague have occurred in Astrakhan, the chief town of the Russian province of the same name, and the Roumanian Government has in consequence put a quarantine guard on its Russian frontier. In China also the plague has some foothold—seventy-three deaths in four days are reported from New-Chang from the disease. In Oporto, Portugal, there have been a very few cases, but the demonstrations made by the people there against the enforcement of sanitary and precautionary measures augur badly for the future. Similar demonstrations have been made by mobs in Alexandria, Egypt, where the plague has existed, though in a mild form, for several months; in July it was thought that Alexandria had become free from the infection, and the sanitary precautions were relaxed, with the result that new cases at once appeared. Nowhere has the plague been so fatal as at Bombay and Mauritius, where the proportion of deaths to cases has been five out of six, while the epidemic continues this year to ravage whole streets in the lower quarters. The general opinion of competent experts is that there is little or no danger of the infection gaining a hold in any city where the water, sewerage system, street-cleaning, and other conditions of living are according to modern hygienic standards.

The President's Speech

The report of President McKinley's address at Pittsburg printed in another place in this number of The Outlook has been submitted to the President and returned from him to the editors of The Outlook with emendations and corrections. It may therefore be accepted as absolutely authentic and exact.

This address of the President is important, not because it contains any really new information, but because it states certain facts with an authority which no unofficial statement can possess, and with a frankness unusual in public addresses by the executive head of a great Nation. In this respect President McKinley has followed the example of President Lincoln, who was accustomed occasionally to puzzle politicians and confuse opponents by similar frankness in public speech.

There has been in certain quarters a curious misapprehension of the facts of recent history, due, in our opinion, less to intentional misrepresentation than to a certain passionate doctrinairism which has forbidden a patient, open-minded inquiry into the facts. It has been assumed that the present war in the Philippines is a war of conquest, undertaken for our commercial profit, in which we have been the aggressors, and in which our soldiers whose term of service had expired have engaged reluctantly and under compulsion; then it has been argued with great seriousness that such a war is un-American and unjust. No one doubts that such a war would be un-American and unjust; but there is no such war. The critics have proved with elaborate argument what they might have assumed, and have assumed as admitted what they should have attempted to prove.

Under these circumstances it is well that we have from the Chief Magistrate of the Nation a clear and concise statement of facts respecting recent events in the Philippine archipelago. He who desires to know whether the resolve " for the speedy suppression of the rebellion, the establishment of peace and tranquillity and a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States " is right or wrong should study that question in the light of the President's statement of the facts which have led to this resolve;

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and if that statement is questioned, the unprejudiced inquirer will require, to awaken his distrust in its accuracy, something stronger than unproved assumptions or newspaper reports of unknown correspondents, whether journalistic or military. The facts as stated by the President are that we purchased the archipelago from the only Government which had ever in its history been recognized in or over it; that the volunteers, after the term of their enlistment was over, remained in the islands, "cheerfully, uncomplainingly, patriotically," to maintain law and order and defend the flag; that, had they not done so, "chaos would have reigned, and whatever government there was would have been by the will of one man and not with the consent of the governed;" that for weeks they maintained their self-control under the most exasperating conditions. "Subjected to the insults and duplicity of the insurgent leaders, they preserved the *status quo*, remembering that they were under an order from their Government to sacredly observe the terms of the protocol in letter and spirit and avoid all conflict, except in defense, pending the negotiations of the treaty of peace. They were not the aggressors. . . . The first blow was struck by the insurgents, and it was a foul blow."

There is nothing in this statement of facts which will surprise any regular reader of The Outlook. He will find it abundantly verified by the history of events as it has been continuously given in these columns for the last year and a half. In view of this statement, it is clear that the question for the Nation to decide is not whether a war of aggression on a free people is to be sanctioned and sustained—a proposition which no intelligent American will defend; but whether, having succeeded by treaty and purchase to all the responsibilities of the only government which had ever existed in the islands, we have any right to surrender those responsibilities to a small minority of the inhabitants who, rifle in hand, endeavor to expel us and to assume authority over the rest of the inhabitants. We believe that America will, by an overwhelming majority, reply to that question, whenever it gets the opportunity, in the words of the President:

"They assailed our sovereignty, and there will be no useless parley, no pause, until the insurrection is suppressed and American authority acknowledged and established."

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The Transvaal

Ever since the outrageous, though unauthorized, Jameson raid of January 1, 1896, with its insufficient penal consequences to the ringleaders, the Boers have been justly suspicious of the British. The raid, indeed, elicited universal sympathy for the Boers. It should not be forgotten, however, that their hands were hardly immaculate. In 1881 the Transvaal Government agreed with Great Britain (1) that no treaty into which it might enter with foreign States should be valid until it received the approval of the British Government; (2) that there should be a limit to the Transvaal's rights to deal with natives; and (3) that the Boers should not encroach on the boundaries of their neighbors. Yet in that very year a raid was made by the Boers into Bechuanaland, a movement suppressed by Sir Charles Warren and his men. Unsuccessful in the west, the Boers turned to the east, invaded Zululand, and actually annexed the best part of that country. The increasing numbers and importance of the British forces then kept the Boers well within their own borders, but the latter soon found a far more oppressive method of aggression.

In 1881, five years before the discovery of the gold-fields, when there were comparatively few Outlanders (or foreigners) in the Transvaal, the franchise was obtainable after a year's residence. In the same year the agreement between Great Britain and the Transvaal provided that there should be equality of treatment for all whites. The new form of aggression consisted in an increasing burden put upon the Outlanders, so that, until two months ago, to obtain the franchise meant for them a fourteen years' residence, the consent of two-thirds of the Boer voters, and the approval of the Government. No such restrictions were placed upon the Boers themselves. The result was that the Outlanders, paying nine-tenths of the taxes, have had no voice in the levying of taxation. So great has the recent British menace of war been, however, that President Kruger has receded step by step

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from his untenable position, until, last week, he offered an additional concession over the reform of two months ago. This last concession grants a five years' franchise to the Outlanders, and thus enfranchises one-third of them. The gaining of this "irreducible minimum," demanded by Sir Alfred Milner, British High Commissioner, in his recent interview with President Kruger, removes, however, but one of the causes of friction. Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, now urges the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry to effect general reforms, including the franchise, for if that is the chief, it is only one of a dozen reforms demanded by the Outlanders.

They also ask (2) such a redistribution of seats for the gold-fields in the Volksraad (or Transvaal Parliament) as will give to them a proper representation. At present there is none at all. The Transvaal now offers one-fifth, but the Outlanders represent three fifths of the population.

(3) The next demand is that for a Constitution safeguarded from sudden changes. At present an ordinary resolution of the Volksraad may change the existing Constitution.

(4) A fourth demand is that the heads of the Government shall be responsible to the Volksraad.

(5) A fifth demand is that for independence of the courts. At present, if a judge does not respect any chance vote of the Volksraad, he is dismissed from office. The Chief Justice was so dismissed.

(6) Cancellation of monopolies constitutes the next demand. There has been much oppression from the railway, liquor, match, brush, and soap monopolies, and, above all, from that on dynamite, as mining is the great Outlander industry. In Cape Colony dynamite is imported at a profit for sixteen dollars a case; in the Transvaal it costs twenty-five dollars to the mine-owner.

(7) The Outlanders also ask that the English language shall be put upon the same plane of equality with the Dutch. Nine-tenths of the Transvaal's business is transacted in English, yet the official tongue is Dutch.

(8) The eighth demand contemplates the removal of religious disabilities.

Other demands are (9) for a reorganization of the present corrupt civil service; (10) for an untrammeled press; (11) for educational reform, and (12) for free trade in South African products.

The Outlanders have long but vainly urged these reforms upon the Transvaal Government. When patience ceased to be a virtue, they appealed (last spring) to the British Government by a petition signed by twenty-one thousand Britons in the Transvaal. Even after the Jameson raid it seemed to many imperialists—Mr. Chamberlain, for instance—that patience had not really been exhausted. In May, 1896, the Colonial Secretary said in one of his speeches, "To go to war with President Kruger to enforce upon him reforms in the internal affairs of his State . . . would be immoral. . . . That is not my policy and never will be." Despite inconsistency, however, it now seems to him, and also to most Britons, irrespective of party, that, in pressing the complaint of inequality of treatment, they have taken time enough for sober second thought. The fact that, with the exception of the London "Chronicle" and the Manchester "Guardian," the Government has the support of every prominent newspaper, shows the earnestness and sincerity of the British sense of injustice. If a war be necessary, Britons know better than any others how to count the material cost. Aside from the loss of men and munitions, they realize that the flow of gold from the Transvaal (the world's largest producer of the metal) would be checked. During the past seven months no less than fifty-five million dollars' worth has been received in London from Johannesburg. Britons also know that such a war would be the signal for restiveness among the Dutch citizens at Cape Colony. They outnumber all the other whites. Moreover, such a war might precipitate outbreaks among the natives, who outnumber the entire white population ten to one.

The greatest difficulty of all may be the question of British suzerainty. The Boers base their protest on the fact that, in the Anglo-Boer Convention of 1881, the suzerainty of Great Britain was distinctly stated, but in the Convention of 1884 there was no mention of it. To this Great Britain replies that, while it is true that the word

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"suzerainty" was not mentioned in the later Convention, the thing itself was amply emphasized in the article which prohibits the making of any foreign treaty by the Transvaal without British consent.

We hope that a war will not be necessary to secure needed reforms. Although its result would ultimately be a British triumph, such a conflict would arouse well-nigh undying hate between the two races in South Africa.

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Pastoral Letters

To the Reluctant Skeptic

I want to believe, but I cannot. It seems as though my faculties for believing divine truths were atrophied. For years I have been fighting this unbelief. What shall I do?

These sentences, selected from a single letter, may serve to interpret the spirit of many letters, and the perplexities of many souls who never tell their perplexity to others. It is to such reluctant skeptics that I address this response.

There are two methods of reaching the truth—the theological and the vital, or the theoretical and the practical. The former method assumes that thought precedes action, the latter that action precedes thought; the former makes ethics the foundation of morality and theology the foundation of religion, the other makes morality the foundation of ethics and religion the foundation of theology. The postulates of the first method are, I must know God before I can pray to him, I must understand Christ before I can trust in him, I must accept the Bible as a trustworthy guide before I can follow its guidance. The postulates of the second method are, I must pray to God in order to know him, I must trust in Christ in order to understand him, I must follow the guidance of the Bible before I can know that it is a trustworthy guide. The one method assumes that the light is the life of men; the other says, with John, that the life is the light of men.

Doubtless this antithesis is here put somewhat too sharply; doubtless these two processes—the vital and the philosophical, the religious and the theological—in actual life go on together, and are really indistinguishable parts of healthful spiritual growth. But it is also certain that Christ laid his emphasis on the second method; that is, he put religion before theology, morality before ethics, life before an understanding of life.

If one takes up the four Gospels and reads in them, or reads either one of them through, for the purpose of ascertaining what was Christ's method, the theological or the vital, one will probably be surprised to find how little of direct instruction in theology Christ's instructions contain. He calls his disciples to follow him, and it is not until they have followed him for a year that he even asks them what they think of him. He speaks to them of God as a Father, but it is not in a definition of God; it is in counsel how to pray. He never argues the question of immortality, except to answer foolish objections brought against it by the Sadducees in a vain attempt to trip him up; he simply talks to men as though they were immortal, and treats all the affairs of this life as though there were an eternal perspective behind them. He never once debates the question of the inspiration and authority of the Bible; he simply uses it to illustrate or to enforce his practical teachings concerning life and its duties. Nearly all his instructions point to some activity; they are addressed rather to the will than to either the intellect or the emotions. His unmistakable object is to induce men to take some action, rather than to possess some emotion or to entertain some opinion or conviction.

I may refer briefly to three specific addresses to illustrate this principle, but I believe that it will be found to pervade equally all Christ's teaching. The first is the Sermon on the Mount. He begins this sermon with blessings pronounced, not upon sound opinions on even such fundamental topics as God and immortality, but upon the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the peacemaker; that is, upon traits of character which inhere in the will and manifest themselves in action. Lowliness of spirit, meekness, mercifulness, peaceableness, are neither opinions nor emotions; they are compatible with a great variety of creeds, and are to be found alike in emotive and unemotive men: they are dispositions to a certain type of activity. He goes on to urge on his disciples, not certain tenets, but certain courses of conduct—they are to let their

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light shine, to seek kindly relations with offended brethren, to live purely in social and domestic relations, to keep from evil the tongue and the heart, out of whose abundance the mouth speaketh, to treat even their enemies with kindliness and to regard them with benevolence, to pray with simplicity and in secret, to give their lives wholly to God's service, not to worry, not to judge others, to treat all men with justice and good will, to measure other religious teachers by the kind of lives their teaching produces; and, finally, the sermon ends with the remarkable declaration that "whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock." What is this but saying, by a figure impossible to misunderstand, that the foundation of character is not believing certain opinions, but doing certain things? What is it but saying that deed is the foundation and creed the superstructure, not creed the foundation and deed the superstructure?

The second discourse is one delivered at the end of Christ's ministry, in which he portrays the final judgment. Here men are separated on the right hand and the left, according to what they have done in life for their fellow-men; and, lest in future ages theology should insist that this feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick and the imprisoned was based upon a conscious faith in Christ which, in speaking to his disciples, Christ takes for granted, he makes it clear that neither those who fulfilled the law of love nor those who failed to fulfill it thought of Christ in either what they did or what they omitted to do.

The third discourse of Jesus Christ, and the one which may, perhaps, be regarded as the most theological of any reported in the four Gospels, is his conversation with the eleven at the Last Supper, reported in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John. In this the same principle that spiritual life is built on doing God's will, not on either opinion or emotion, is not less marked than in the other two.

> Judas saith unto him (not Iscariot), Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. . . . If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. . . . Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Thus, in his last and most sacred discourse, in the intimacy of those last hours with his faithful friends, Christ lays the foundation of the deepest spiritual life on doing his commandments, as, in his inaugural address delivered before a great congregation, he laid the foundation of the social world-life of his followers.

Modern psychology, if I understand its teaching aright, confirms scientifically this method of character-building; for it teaches that action often precedes and produces both thought and feeling. The man who spits out his momentary anger in venomous or profane words does not get rid of it; he intensifies it by expressing it. On the contrary, if he suppresses the expression, he does or may do something to suppress the impulse itself, and presently even to regard intellectually the real or fancied insult in quite a different fashion. Both his emotion and his intellect get their color from his activity, and are modified, if not made, by it. Though on the subject of physiological psychology I speak with reserve, I believe that I am right in saying that it is at least a well-accepted theory, if not a demonstrated fact, that every such activity reacts on the brain in molecular changes there, which tend to harmonize it with the action and to make the repetition of such action easier in the future. This fact is illustrated by the well-known history of the battle-field, on which the soldier enters at first with reluctance, "uncommon stiff and slow," but, after the first shots have been fired and the first blood has been shed, becomes for the moment often wild with the "revenge that knows no rein," partly inspired thereto by the passion of his comrades and partly instigated thereto by his own deeds of vengeance. I cannot doubt that the practice in the Church of repeating the Apostles' Creed together has done much, in accordance with this law, to strengthen faith in the essential facts of historic Christianity, partly by the sympathy extending through the congregation, partly by the mere expression in verbal phraseology of the faith embodied in that creed.

I have taken considerable space to

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elucidate and enforce this method of character-building, which regards thoughts and emotions as the superstructure and action as the foundation of life, because theology has generally assumed the reverse to be the true order. Indeed, so radical and revolutionary is the very simple truth which I attempt to put before my readers, that it is doubtful whether I shall even get their consent, in many cases, to consider it. The mind, anchored to a traditional and unseen hypothesis, is moved from its apparent position for an hour or two by a new idea sweeping by it like an increasing tide, but presently reverts to its former status, from which it has really never been moved. But any reader who has followed and even tentatively accepted the theory of this paper can easily apply it himself to the great religious problems. Let me recur to a specification which I used in the opening paragraph—prayer, Christ, the Bible.

He who accepts the method which I have here indicated will not wait until he has become convinced that God hears prayer, or even that God is. He knows that he himself has aspirations. These aspirations he will not suppress. To some of them he can give no expression to even his dearest friends; in some cases because they are inexpressible, in other cases because they would not be and could not be understood. He will not wait until he has become acquainted with God before he utters them. He will, in the quiet hours which he reserves for self-communing, breathe these aspirations outward and upward. If he can find only an altar to an unknown God, to the unknown God he will give them expression. And in these hours of communion, so silent and secret that he knows not whether he is communing only with himself or with another also, he will welcome the quietness of spirit, the larger hope, the strengthened purpose with which at times he will come forth from this mere endeavor to give expression to his unexpressed and best self, as possible answers to his prayers, unborn, yet perhaps not unknown to his unknown God.

He will read the story of Christ's life. Instead of stopping to consider the question, What think ye of Christ, whose son is he? he will follow where that life leads. He reads, for instance, Thackeray's ironical advice: "What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? Take it." Then he reads Christ's counsel to his disciples: "When thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest place, that when he that bade thee cometh he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher." Christ's counsel commends itself to his social taste and to his ethical judgment, and he resolves to follow it, and does follow it. Thus he reads Christ's life for the purpose of getting light on his own life and inspiration for his own living. He begins to live on Christian principles, to attempt to carry out Christ's spirit; and he relegates all consideration of Christ's miraculous birth, supernatural character, and divine authority to the future. He makes his question, not, What shall I think about Christ? but, How shall I live like Christ? If he does this, he may never get a Christian creed, but he will gradually grow into a Christian life; and whether the creed follows or not is quite a secondary matter.

Or he reads Paul's declaration that the Bible is profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. He resolves to use it for this purpose, and see whether it is as good as Paul thought it was. He declines to consider the debated questions respecting the inspiration and authority of the Bible. Leaving those in abeyance for the present, he reads its spiritual ideals, and finds that they reprove his life; its spiritual counsels, and finds that they suggest better paths in which to walk; its directions concerning practical life, and finds in them much to guide him in moral perplexity. If he finds in it some things which seem to him incomprehensible or even unworthy, he leaves them for future consideration; or, should his conscience reject them altogether, he does not therefore reject what does illuminate and inspire.

In brief, I advise the reluctant skeptic, who desires to know the truth in order that he may do right, to reverse the order and give his whole present attention to doing right that he may know the truth, in the faith that right conduct, though a long road, is the best road to wise beliefs; that faith in God comes from praying, faith in Christ from following, and faith in the Bible from practically using it.

L. A.

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Cuban Industrial Relief

The following letter from the Rev. Horace Porter, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, tells clearly the actual conditions in Cuba, and shows the effectiveness of the methods adopted by the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund. Mr. Porter visited Cuba and the farms of the Relief Fund for the express purpose of obtaining positive personal knowledge of the facts:

The pitiable condition of Cuba is due to a remarkable combination of causes. One was the abolition of slavery. This was in 1885—but fourteen years ago. Righteous as that was, it nevertheless caused in Cuba, as in our own Southern States, a period of distress until agriculture could readjust itself to new conditions. Almost simultaneously with the ending of slavery came the great permanent decline in the price of sugar. These two causes brought hardship, even ruin, to many plantations. Supreme over all other causes of Cuba's desolate estate have been Spanish tyranny and taxes: Spanish tyranny, which, studying to crush out all personal liberty among native Cubans, had imprisoned, executed, or exiled multitudes of Cuba's noblest citizens; Spanish taxes, which by their enormity have been for generations a wasting consumption upon the business life of Cuba. There was no honorable course left for the Cubans but that of rebellion against Spain. Hence the terrible wars of 1868 to 1878, and of 1895–98. The homes in rural Cuba are now nearly all of them in ruins. The plantations are abandoned. By the tactics of Weyler probably two out of every three of the rural population of Cuba have been laid in their graves during the past three years. What remains of that population is still largely within the reconcentrado huts which outskirt the cities and villages. In some neighborhoods conditions have decidedly improved. In others there is still great destitution. Many of the survivors are as yet but living skeletons. Many of the children have that hideous enlargement of the abdomen which tells the sad tale of starvation. I saw a family at their principal meal, which consisted of a few green bananas. These were spread upon a rough board. They had no table, no crockery, no cooking utensils. I saw a room where eleven widows lived. Up to noon of that day they had eaten nothing. I saw an emaciated young woman, an orphan of about seventeen years, who is paralyzed. She cannot walk or even stand. She lives in a bare, cheerless room which is absolutely without furniture or utensils of any kind excepting her crude cot and her chair. With her thin, bony fingers she tries to weave a straw hat, one per day. She gets eleven cents for it. This is her living. I visited numerous homes where there are many sick and hungry and almost naked people. In some huts we found people of evident culture. In some cases such people have been able to return to their land, build a hut beside the ruins of the old home, and begin life anew. But many are too weak and too poverty-stricken to do so.

"Will the Cuban work?" This is a fair question. My own observations lead me to say emphatically that the rural Cuban is a willing worker. Repeatedly I saw Cuban men, women, and boys crowd about the Outlook farmyard by daybreak eager for work. They would plead for it. They would withdraw in sorrow if denied work. Granted it, they labored faithfully day after day. Some, so emaciated and sickly that I wondered at their strength, worked faithfully, though slowly, all day long. One of the saddest sights was that of aged women hoeing in the fields. Under present conditions there is little or no color-line among Cubans. On the Outlook farm one sees working agreeably side by side white men, colored men, black men. The same is true among the groups of women. Outlook Farm Number One is doing a noble work. There is urgent need for an Outlook Farm "No. Two" near Matanzas. A Cuban physician one day surprised me by the following remark: "You know The Ou-look? It is an American paper, very fine. I love to read it. It is written in such sweet English and good spirit." He sees an occasional copy of the paper at the industrial farm.

THE CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF FUND

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E. B. L., New York, N. Y.	25 00
Mrs. G. B. A., Merced, Cal.	5 00
Joseph and Frederick B., Pittsburg, Pa.	10 00
Mrs. G. L., Kenton, O.	5 00
L. E. McK., Buffalo, N. Y.	50 00
I. F. B., Chicago, Ill.	50 00
W. P. E., Peterboro', N. H.	1 00
From a Friend, Lake Placid, N. Y.	10 00
L. D., Long Beach, Cal.	2 00
S. D. W., Riverhead, N. Y.	1 00
A Friend, England	5 01
M. W., Portland, Me.	5 00
Mrs. R. G.	10 00
H. M., Pine Hill, N. Y.	25 00
Total	$5,798 14

The Spectator

The Spectator recently received a note from a lady whom he knew to be full of occupation, and marveled that his busy correspondent spelled out the date, "February the twenty-seventh." He has noticed that this has for some time been the feminine fashion. Had the question been put to the leaders of it, "Why don't you save your time by writing, as formerly, Feb. 27, or, as some more economical spirits do, simply "2/27"? the answer might have been, "Why should we save time when we have more of it than we know what to do with?" Whether the

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innovation be a device of the time-killers, or whether it be an ambitious imitation of the ponderous formality of Presidential proclamations elaborately spelling out their *anno domini* date, might be an interesting problem for persons of leisure.

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This social phenomenon set the Spectator to thinking why the art of abbreviation should be in certain points less cultivated in our labor-saving, time-saving modern world than anciently. In a superficial view it would seem to be particularly dear only to the railroads and the colleges, which supply the curious but unversed mind with conundrums in the letterings attached to freight-cars, and to the names of distinguished or favored persons. The irreverent are emboldened thereby to misinterpret "D.D.," for instance, as "Deplorably Dull," but wags sometimes come nearer the truth. The Spectator remembers a friend who pointed him to a locomotive inscribed N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., with the remark, "That's what defeated Mr. Blaine—New York, Cleveland and Hendricks, Rum, Romanism, Rebellion." But the Spectator believes that the Romans of Cicero's time could give points in this matter to any who think they can set a better fashion than that of laboriously writing all phrases in full. Where our correspondent writes, "I am well, and hope you are the same," Cicero wrote "S. V. B. E. E. Q. V."—a fortunate fashion, indeed, for one who had to scratch his epistle in capitals on waxed tablets. It was a decidedly economical fashion, too, when the thing in hand was a sepulchral inscription in stone, and perhaps not unworthy of suggestion to those who in these days of coffin trusts would lessen funeral expenses. The Roman stone-cutter's bill was considerably reduced when it was the fashion to engrave "Erected in Memory of the Well Deserving" in four letters, "B. M. M. P."

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So many-sided an art as that of abbreviation requires to be exemplified by whoever treats of it. The Spectator observes a large public demand for it in certain lines, as in editorials, sermons, prayers, as well as an intense private demand in those literary filtering stations known as editors' rooms, the writers to which would do well to remember the old Yale professor's criticism: "Disquisitions are directly as quality and inversely as quantity." The only visible points where the contrary tendency to elongation is conspicuous are sky-scrapers, suspension bridges, Atlantic liners, and purses. The Spectator has even heard Cæsar's three-word despatch to the Senate announcing his victory, and Descartes's three-word argument for his own existence, criticised as each capable of abbreviation to one significant vocable —a criticism which may have originated in that strenuous region of our country where the demand on an intruder to vacate the premises is compressed into the monosyllable "Git!" "Leave to print" *ad libitum* is happily restricted, like the franking privilege, to the honorable contributors to the "Congressional Record." The Spectator thinks that all others, whom a natural facility of expression has predestined to write either for the types or the waste-basket, would do well to practice early and often with the blue pencil. A master with that instrument has suggested to novices that a good beginning may be made by scratching the word "very" at least nine times in ten, as an encouragement to more effective achievements in benevolent self-suppression. In view of a certain preacher's excuse for a long sermon, that he had no time to make a short one, the Spectator deems it probable that an anti-fat regimen of this sort would inure to the effectiveness of many public speakers, lay as well as clerical.

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The Spectator finds something pathetic in the innocuous desuetude to which an unbelieving world has relegated the many-columned recommendations at the end of the Century Dictionary for a further abbreviation of English spelling. A few journals of repute have shown a trifling "curtesy" to this high authority, and gone so far as to print "tho" for though, while one or two colleges have sent the Spectator their "catalog," but the literary public seems to regard these rare compliances merely as harmless idiosyncrasies. The Spectator confesses himself baffled to give a rational account of this general repudiation of the wisdom of the British

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and American Philological Associations. It cannot be in league with the interest of the Typographical Union to resist any cutting down of work. Neither can the cause be indifference to the sufferings of children under the monstrosities of English orthography. Nor can an æsthetic preference for the picturesque account for the fact, for "iland" matches well in that respect with island. On the whole, the Spectator is fain to regard it as a case under the principle referred to in St. Paul's remark that the foolish things of the world have been chosen to confound the wise. The only alternative, though less probable, supposition seems to be that the orthographical reform carried through by Noah Webster has so exhausted the capacity of the nineteenth century that its continuation must devolve, with that of the pension list, upon the unwasted energies of the twentieth.

President McKinley on the Philippines

[The following report of the address delivered by President McKinley at Pittsburg on Monday of last week, at the exercises in honor of the return from Manila of the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers, was sent to the President by the editors of The Outlook and has been returned to the editors by the President's Secretary with revisions and corrections. As it stands here, therefore, it is exactly authentic in the fullest sense. Editorial comment will be found elsewhere in this number of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS]

Governor Stone and my Fellow-Citizens: I am glad to participate with the families, friends, and fellow-citizens of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers in this glad reunion.

You have earned the plaudits, not alone of the people of Pennsylvania, but of the whole Nation. Your return has been the signal for a great demonstration of popular regard from your landing at the Golden Gate on the Pacific to your home-coming, and here you find a warmth of welcome and a greeting from joyous hearts which tell better than words the estimate of your countrymen and their high appreciation of the services you have rendered the country. You made secure and permanent the victory of Dewey. You added new glory to American arms. You and your brave comrades engaged on other fields of conflict have enlarged the map of the United States and extended the jurisdiction of American liberty.

But while we share in the joy that is yours, there remain with us softened and hallowed memories of those who went forth with you, not found in your ranks to-day. Your noble Colonel, devoted to his men, beloved by his command, and respected by his superior officers, gave his life to his country, with many others of his comrades. The Nation sorrows with the bereaved. These heroes died for their country, and there is no nobler death.

Our troops represented the courage and conscience, the purpose and patriotism, of their country. Whether in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, or at home awaiting orders, they did their full duty, and all sought the post of greatest peril. They never faltered. The Eighth Army Corps in the Philippines have made a proud and exceptional record. Privileged to be mustered out in April, when the ratifications of the treaty of peace were exchanged, they did not claim the privilege—they declined it. They voluntarily remained in the service, and declared their purpose to stay until their places could be filled by new levies, and longer if the Government needed them. Their service—and they understood it—was not to be in camp or garrison, free from danger, but on the battle-line, where exposure and death confronted them and where both have exacted their victims.

They did not stack arms. They did not run away. They were not serving the insurgents in the Philippines or their sympathizers at home. They had no part or patience with the men, few in number happily, who would have rejoiced to see them lay down their arms in the presence of an enemy whom they had just emancipated from Spanish rule and who should have been our firmest friends.

They furnished an example of devotion and sacrifice which will brighten the

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glorious record of American valor. They have secured, not alone the gratitude of the Government and the people, but for themselves and their descendants an imperishable distinction. They may not fully appreciate, and the country may not, the heroism of their conduct and its important support to the Government. I think I do and so I am here to express it.

The mighty army of volunteers and regulars, numbering over 250,000, which last year responded to the call of the Government with an alacrity without precedent or parallel, by the terms of their enlistment were to be mustered out, with all of the regulars above 27,000, when peace with Spain was effected. Peace brought us the Philippines, by treaty cession from Spain. The Senate of the United States ratified the treaty. Every step taken was in obedience to the requirements of the Constitution. There was no flaw in the title, and no doubtful methods were employed to obtain it. It became our territory and is ours, as much as the Louisiana Purchase, or Texas, or Alaska. A body of insurgents, in no sense representing the sentiment of the people of the islands, disputed our lawful authority, and even before the ratification of the treaty by the American Senate were attacking the very forces who fought for and secured their freedom.

This was the situation in April, 1899, the date of the exchange of ratifications—only 27,000 regulars subject to the unquestioned direction of the Executive, and they for the most part on duty in Cuba and Porto Rico, or invalided at home after their severe campaign in the tropics. Even had they been available, it would have required months to transport them to the Philippines. Practically a new army had to be created. These loyal volunteers in the Philippines said, "We will stay until the Government can organize an army at home and transport it to the seat of hostilities."

They did stay, cheerfully, uncomplainingly, patriotically. They suffered and sacrificed, they fought and fell, they drove back and punished the rebels who resisted Federal authority, and who with force attacked the sovereignty of the United States in its newly acquired territory. Without them then and there we would have been practically helpless on land, our flag would have had its first stain and the American name its first ignominy. The brilliant victories of the army and navy in the bay and city of Manila would have been won in vain, our obligations to civilization would have remained temporarily unperformed, chaos would have reigned, and whatever government there was would have been by the will of one man and not with the consent of the governed. Who refused to sound the retreat? Who stood in the breach when others weakened? Who resisted the suggestion of the unpatriotic that they should come home?

Let me call the roll of honor—let me name the regiments and battalions that deserve to be perpetuated in the Nation's annals. Their action was not a sudden impulse born of excitement, but a deliberate determination to sustain, at the cost of life if need be, the honor of their Government and the authority of its flag:

First California, California Artillery, First Colorado, First Idaho, Fifty-first Iowa, Twentieth Kansas, Thirteenth Minnesota, First Montana, First Nebraska, First North Dakota, Nevada Cavalry, Second Oregon, Tenth Pennsylvania, First South Dakota, First Tennessee, Utah Artillery, First Washington, First Wyoming, Wyoming Battery.

To these must be added about four thousand enlisted men of the regular army who were entitled to their discharge under the Peace Proclamation of April 11, 1899; the greater portion of whom participated in the engagements of the Eighth Corps, and are still performing arduous services in the field.

Nor must the navy be forgotten. Sixty-five devoted sailors participated in the engagement of May 1 in Manila Bay whose terms of service had previously expired, continuing on duty quite a year after that action.

For these men of the army and navy we have only honor and gratitude.

The world will never know the restraint of our soldiers—their self-control under the most exasperating conditions. For weeks, subjected to the insults and duplicity of the insurgent leaders, they preserved the *status quo*, remembering that they were under an order from their Government to sacredly observe the terms of the protocol in letter and spirit, and avoid all

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conflict, except in defense, pending the negotiations of the treaty of peace. They were not the aggressors. They did not begin hostilities against the insurgents pending the ratification of the treaty of peace in the Senate, great as was their justification, because their orders from Washington forbade it. I take all the responsibility for that direction. Otis only executed the orders of his Government, and the soldiers, under great provocation to strike back, obeyed.

Until the treaty was ratified we had no authority beyond Manila city, bay, and harbor. We then had no other title to defend, no authority beyond that to maintain. Spain was still in possession of the remainder of the archipelago. Spain had sued for peace. The truce and treaty were not concluded. The first blow was struck by the insurgents, and it was a foul blow. Our kindness was reciprocated with cruelty, our mercy with a Mauser. The flag of truce was invoked only to be dishonored. Our soldiers were shot down while ministering to the wounded Filipinos. Our dead were mutilated. Our humanity was interpreted as weakness, our forbearance as cowardice.

They assailed our sovereignty, and there will be no useless parley, no pause, until the insurrection is suppressed and American authority acknowledged and established. The misguided followers in rebellion have only our charity and pity. As to the cruel leaders who have needlessly sacrificed the lives of thousands of their people, at the cost of some of our best blood, for the gratification of their own ambitious designs, I will leave to others the ungracious task of justification and eulogy.

Every one of the noble men, of the regulars or volunteers, soldiers or seamen, who thus signally served their country in its extremity, deserves the special recognition of Congress, and it will be to me an unfeigned pleasure to recommend for each of them a special medal of honor.

Men of the Tenth Pennsylvania, while we give you hail and greeting from overflowing hearts, we do not forget, nor will you, the brave men who remain and those who have gone forward to take your places, and those other brave men who have so promptly volunteered, crowding each other to get to the front, to carry forward to successful completion the work you so nobly began and so faithfully prosecuted. Our prayers go with them, and more men and munitions if required, for the speedy suppression of the rebellion, the establishment of peace and tranquillity and a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States—a government which will do justice to all, and at once encourage the best efforts and aspirations of these distant people and the highest development of their rich and fertile lands.

The Government to which you gave your love and loyalty welcomes you to your homes. With no blot or stain upon your record, the story of your unselfish service to country and to civilization will be, to the men who take your places at the front and on the firing-line, and to future generations, an example of patriotism and an inspiration to duty.

The Wisdom of Joy

By Priscilla Leonard

I bade farewell to Joy,
The lovely, laughing boy,
And welcomed in his stern-faced sister Sorrow,
Saying, "Though sore my heart,
Men say thou canst impart
A higher truth than life from Joy can borrow."

Now Sorrow's lore I know;
Yet from the long-ago
A few revealing words of Joy I treasure;
More precious year by year,
Divinely deep and dear—
Ah, Sorrow! all thy wisdom they outmeasure!

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THE REGENERATION OF CUBA

BY GEORGE KENNAN[1]

XI.

From Matanzas to Santa Clara

OF all the leaders of the Cuban insurrection, the man who interested me most, and the man whom I most desired to meet, was General Maximo Gomez; and when we left Havana it was our intention to go by way of Matanzas and Cardenas to Remedios, where the veteran was said to be at that time in camp. Upon learning, however, from Mr. Quesada that the General had already left Remedios and was on his way to Havana, and that he would probably spend Sunday in Santa Clara, we determined to proceed at once to the place last named, in order to meet him, and to witness the triumphal public reception that the Santa Clara people intended to give him. Early Friday forenoon, therefore, we drove to the terminal station of the Matanzas railway and took the train for Cardenas.

The "norther" which had set in Wednesday morning was still blowing, and although the rain had ceased, there was no break in the clouds; the temperature had fallen to 55°; and everybody at the station and on the train was shivering with cold. Under the dark, lowering sky of a northern November day, the great level plain of the Matanzas sugar belt, with its weed-overgrown cane plantations, its ruined mills, and its scattered patches of storm-beaten, ragged-leaved banana-trees, presented a dreary and uninteresting appearance; but the monotony and desolation of the landscape were relieved a little by the long rows of royal palms which marked the boundaries of the abandoned estates and fringed with tossing plumes of green the sea-like line of the distant horizon. Here and there might be seen a solitary sugar-mill that had escaped the torch and dynamite of the insurgents, or half a dozen big-wheeled ox-carts, into which gangs of ragged laborers were putting short lengths of leaf-stripped cane; but evidences of life or cultivation were few and far between. Fire and sword had devastated the whole region, and often, for miles at a time, we did not see a fence, a farm-house, or an inhabited building of any kind.

The towns and villages through which we passed, and in which the whole population of the country was segregated, presented the appearance of permanent fortified camps. When the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced our approach to a station, and we looked out of the car windows to see what it would prove to be like, the first thing that met our eyes was a fortified line of circumvallation, consisting of half a dozen or more square blockhouses, standing three or four hundred yards apart, and connected one with another by a deep trench. The approaches to this trench were defended on the outer side by a single or double line of strong barbed-wire fencing, and on the inner side by a low earthen wall, behind which, under the protection of the flanking blockhouses, a thousand men might lie in safety while they swept with their Mausers every foot of the ground over which an attacking party would have to advance. Each blockhouse was encircled by a barbed-wire entanglement and a moat; its walls were pierced, at about the height of a man's head, with narrow, horizontal slits for rifles; and its pyramidal roof supported at its apex a cupola just large enough to hold the head and shoulders of a sentinel or lookout. When the lines of earthworks between the blockhouses were held by an adequate force, and the blockhouses were in communication one with another by telephone, as they often were, the town could hardly be taken by assault without the co-operation

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of artillery, and artillery the insurgents seldom had. Outside the line of intrenchments no house, tree, thicket, or other object that might shelter or conceal an attacking force was allowed to stand; but inside the line, as we approached the station, we always passed through an extensive reconcentrado suburb, consisting of a hundred or more palm-thatched huts, separated one from another by short stretches of coarse, wiry grass, or interspersed with little cactus-hedged garden-plots in which the fresh green of lettuce, cabbages, and sweet potatoes was brightened by the deep blue of spiry lupines or the orange glow of African marigolds.

Passing slowly through the wide belt of reconcentrado huts which encircled the village or town, we stopped at last in front of the station—a one or two story building of wood or stuccoed brick—whose loop-holed walls and fort-like aspect seemed quite out of harmony with the little flower-garden, or small ornamental park, in or beside which it often stood. On the platforms of the stations in the larger towns, such as Union and Bolondron, there was generally a motley, heterogeneous crowd of ragged fruit-peddlers; poor reconcentrados with coarse brown sugar-sacks wrapped around their shoulders; armed Cuban soldiers in dirty linen suits, mildewed sombreros, and down-at-the-heel slippers, who were acting in the capacity of municipal police; smartly dressed insurgent officers, going to meet General Gomez at Santa Clara; two or three Cuban ladies with dark eyes and heavily powdered cheeks, who seemed to be expecting friends; and now and then an American soldier from the post-garrison, whose neat uniform, erect carriage, and disciplined bearing contrasted strangely with the loose, dirty shirts, lounging attitudes, and go-as-you-please behavior of the negro police.

Most of the stations had already been decorated with flags in anticipation of the coming of General Gomez, and I was gratified to see that the Stars and Stripes were nearly, if not quite, as much in evidence as was the banner of the insurgents. Some of the American flags lacked the requisite number of stars, and bore stripes that had been cut out of old sheets and red damask tablecloths; but that only made them the more interesting and significant, because it showed that the people were determined to do honor to the liberating army of the United States, even if they had to sacrifice all the sheets and tablecloths in their scantily furnished houses.

As soon as our train stopped at a station platform, the cars were invaded by a small army of impudent boys, whistling American airs, and begging pertinaciously for "fi' cents;" thin-faced reconcentrado girls selling unwholesome-looking sweet-cakes of domestic manufacture; and older peddlers, of both sexes, offering delicate, finger-long bananas, twelve-inch sections of juicy sugar-cane, wild oranges whose golden exterior concealed a heart full of bitterness, green cocoanuts pierced with holes and provided with convenient suction-tubes, live chickens squawking indignant protests against being held upside down by the legs, and beautiful Cuban quails in azure skull-caps and scarlet hose, bearing, on their breasts of Quaker brown, black Crusader shields delicately edged with blue. Whether the chickens and quails were brought to the train to supply an actual demand, or whether they were the only things of value that the venders possessed, I do not know; but it would be hard to imagine anything less suited to meet the wants of the casual traveler than an active, long-legged Spanish chicken, in the full possession of all its muscular capabilities and vocal powers. The quail had beauty, at least, to recommend it, and was not too large to be carried in a pocket; but what immediate disposition a railway passenger could make of a scrawny Cuban chicken, whose legs were not even tied, I found myself unable to conjecture. I thought it possible that one of the ungainly fowls might be sold in our car, and that I should get enlightenment by observation; but chickens with their heads on and their vitals *in situ* seemed to be a drug in that market, and not a sale was made. There is no doubt, however, that quails and singing birds are often sold on Cuban railway trains, and that Cubans generally—or at least Cubans who live in the country—are very fond of both birds and flowers. The station-master at Navajas, where we changed trains for Cardenas, had hanging in his office and about the station no less than nineteen cages of birds, including quails, mourning doves, mocking-birds, canaries, and half

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a dozen other varieties with which I was wholly unfamiliar; and when I manifested interest in them, he promptly suspended the sale of tickets and went with me from cage to cage, talking of his feathered captives with the utmost affection and enthusiasm. In nearly all the smaller villages through which we passed between Matanzas and Cardenas I saw little bird-houses mounted on poles, and in front of the most wretched-looking huts in the reconcentrado suburbs there were often beds of blossoming lupines, marigolds, and verbenas. This love of the country Cubans for birds and flowers did more to create a bond of sympathy between them and me than all their other discoverable traits put together, and it deserves brief notice, perhaps, as one of the few indications of an æsthetic side to the Cuban character. The color sense of the Cuban peasants is rudimentary—so far at least as perception of harmony and contrast is concerned—and their artistic taste, as shown in the ornamentation of articles of domestic manufacture, is wholly undeveloped; but they do appreciate birds and flowers, and that is something.

After changing at Navajas from a regular unlimited passenger train to an irregular hybrid accommodation drawn by a wheezy, wood-burning locomotive, we jolted slowly northward, past ruined sugar-mills whose high chimneys rose from a smoke-blackened mass of bricks, half-burned beams, and dislocated machinery; across weedy cane-fields or great stretches of uncultivated land sprinkled with royal palms; through fortified villages and towns where the red-roofed houses were half hidden in the foliage of orange-trees, bananas, and blossoming hibiscus-bushes; past lonely graveyards whose stone walls and weather-beaten crosses had outlasted the villages to which they once belonged; around wooded hills, through vine-curtained rock-cuttings, and over marshes filled with waving blades of wild flag, until at last, about the middle of the afternoon, we caught sight of the church steeples and red-tiled roofs of Cardenas. Taking a hack from the station to the Isla de Cuba hotel, and leaving there our baggage, we set out to deliver a letter of introduction, and to make, incidentally, a hurried inspection of what seemed at first glance to be a modern and, for Cuba, a comparatively clean and well-ordered city.

Although not so picturesquely situated as Matanzas, Cardenas surpasses most Cuban towns of its size and class in symmetry of plan, in architectural effect, and in the width and neatness of its streets. The Calle Real de Ysabel is wider than Broadway, and is, or was at the time of our visit, scrupulously clean; the Plaza del Recreo is an attractive little park whose luxuriant vines, bottle-edged flower-beds, and royal palms banked with foliage plants show unmistakable signs of assiduous cultivation and care; the principal hotel, although expensive, is one of the best in the province, if not in the island; and the town, as a whole, with its electric lights, its gas-works, its wide, clean streets, and its abundant water supply, makes upon the newcomer a pleasant and favorable impression. It has the disadvantage of standing on low, flat ground, a large part of which has recently been reclaimed from the mosquito-infested mangrove swamp which still skirts it on two sides; but since the visit of General Wilson, the able and energetic Governor of the province, it has been cleaned and put in fairly good sanitary condition; and it seems always to have had public-spirited citizens like Dr. Smith, Superintendent of the Municipal Hospital; Dr. Silvella, Mr. Rojas, and Mr. Antonio Freire, general manager of the Cardenas and Jucaro Railway, who have taken a personal interest in its appearance and in the welfare of its inhabitants.

I presented my letter of introduction to Mr. Rojas, a wealthy merchant who had been at one time, I believe, Mayor of the city, and under his guidance we visited the municipal hospital, which contained about one hundred and fifty patients, and an improvised orphan asylum in the old Spanish barracks, where four hundred and fifty reconcentrado children were being fed, bathed, vaccinated, and generally cared for as well as the scanty means at the command of the charitable people of the city would permit.

Cardenas seemed to contain fewer destitute reconcentrados than any other town of its size that I had visited in western Cuba, and upon asking Mr. Rojas the reason for this, I was informed that the Junta Formento, or reconstruction com-

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mittee, organized there by Mr. Charles W. Gould, had made a business of assisting reconcentrados to return to their country homes. In less than two months they had equipped, furnished with food, and sent out of the city no less than 711 reconcentrado families, comprising 3,578 individuals, and had provided them with means enough so that they could at least exist until they were able to get employment on the sugar plantations, or reclaim their abandoned farms. The beneficent work was still in progress, and Mr. Rojas hoped that in another month or two Cardenas would be free from reconcentrados altogether. He showed me the committee's books and explained their methods, and it seemed to me that the work was being done, not only energetically and successfully, but with strict economy and excellent judgment. Cuban reconstruction committees, however, are not all as industrious and capable as the Junta Formento of Cardenas. I was told by Mr. Hyatt, the Mayor of Guanabacoa, that the committee appointed in that city had accomplished little or nothing, although their task was probably no more difficult than that of the Junta in Cardenas. The disparity of results was due, I presume, to a difference in men.

We left Cardenas for Santa Clara, by the Cardenas-Jucaro Railway, early Saturday morning. Until after we had passed Managua, the eighth or ninth station, there was little change in the general aspect of the country. The region that we were traversing had evidently been at one time a vast sugar plantation; and the salient features of almost every landscape between Cardenas and Managua were neglected cane-fields, chimneys of ruined sugar-mills, and long lines of royal palms, interspersed with graceful clumps of light, feathery bamboo, and dense thickets of dark-green chaparral embroidered with the pink or purple chalices of wild morning-glory vines. Here and there, in the foreground, an arched gateway leading to nothing, or a weed-choked flower-garden full of blossoming oleanders and hibiscus-bushes, marked the site of some sugar-planter's country residence; but the house to which the gate and the flower-garden belonged had long before vanished in smoke and flame, leaving only a few rectangular lines of foundation-stones to show where it had stood before destruction came upon it.

Beyond Managua there was a sudden and complete change both in the scenery and in the character of the vegetation. The cane-fields and sug r-mill chimneys, of which we had hardly lost sight since leaving Havana, disappeared altogether; palmetto-trees with globular heads of stiff, serrate leaves took the places of the royal palms; the country became wilder, rougher, and more broken; the last trace of cultivation vanished, and just east of the station of San Pedro we entered one of the areas of tangled tropical wilderness known to the Cuban insurgents as "manigua," or "the woods." It was not a dense, dark forest of gigantic tropical trees, like the wilderness southeast of Guantanamo, in the province of Santiago, but rather a great stretch of scrubby Australian "bush," in which there were no trees larger than the cabbage palm or the palmetto, but in which the undergrowth of shrubs and vines was so dense that we could not see more than fifty or a hundred yards from the train in any direction. As a place of refuge, or a base of operations in guerrilla warfare, it seemed to me ideal. The scrub, although dense, was intersected by a labyrinth of openings and passages, through which, I have no doubt, the Cubans, on their hardy little ponies, could make their way without serious difficulty; but it afforded unlimited opportunities for surprise and ambuscade, and a column of Spanish troops, once swallowed up in it and attacked by a daring and skillful foe, would be irretrievably lost.

I did not so much wonder, after seeing this part of the island, that the Spanish commanders so often allowed a band of insurgents to escape, when, by energetic pursuit, they might apparently have crushed or captured it. In the "manigua" the Cuban was at home, while the Spaniard was confused and bewildered, if not lost; and a compact body of infantry, however strong it might be, would have no more chance with experienced light horsemen in such a wilderness than Braddock's troops had with the Indians in the forests of the Monongahela. It was easy enough to march with a strong column through the level, open sugar belt, where an enemy might be seen five miles away; but to throw such a column into the

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"manigua," where it could make no use of its artillery, and where it would inevitably fall into a series of deadly ambuscades, was to insure its complete destruction.

The "manigua" on the Cardenas-Jucaro road extends, with occasional breaks, from the station of San Pedro in the province of Matanzas to the station of San Domingo in the province of Santa Clara; thus forming, between the two provinces, a sort of natural boundary. Beyond San Domingo, the cabbage-palm, wasp's-nest palm, and palmetto, which seemed to be the characteristic trees of the wilderness, gradually disappeared, the country became more open and settled, the royal palm again took its place as the predominant feature of every landscape, and we began to notice, for the first time in that part of the island, well-cultivated vegetable gardens, fields of Indian corn in tassel, and small but increasingly frequent patches of thrifty-looking tobacco.

About half-past four o'clock in the afternoon we alighted on the platform of the railway station at Santa Clara, made our way with some difficulty through a crowd of negroes, Cuban soldiers, and reconcentrados of both sexes, who were clamoring for news of General Gomez, and, stepping into a rickety hack decorated with small Cuban flags, drove up San Luis Estevez Street to the Santa Clara Hotel. Evidences of American occupation, American influence, and the adoption of American methods were more frequent and noticeable here than in any Cuban town through which we had passed since leaving Santiago. A large American flag floated over the substantial brick building and well-kept grounds of the electric light company opposite the station; smaller flags of the same kind were displayed from the windows of many of the houses; and not a few of the shopkeepers had put up over their Spanish signboards queerly printed and quaintly expressed notices or invitations in English. Some of the latter, as, for example,

LA PAZ

TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY

Cigar Store,

were apparently intended to appeal to the patriotism of the Cubans; but others, such as

¡¡ All kind of

THING

COME IN BOYS!!

were aimed directly at the American soldier, the varied nature of whose wants had evidently made an impression upon the commercial mind. I could not, however, conjecture to what class of the English-reading public one Cuban tailor appealed when he put up over his shop door the modest announcement

Clothing made for city Fashion
or town's Whim.

In the form and wording of this notice there seemed to be a faint, indefinable suggestion of the Elizabethan age—a sort of ancient flavor of obsolete usage, due, perhaps, to the omission of the definite article, the queer use of the preposition, and the employment of the word "whim" to denote what we now call taste, caprice, or fancy. I could imagine some such sign hanging over the door of a tailor-shop in Oxford or Colchester, in the sixteenth century; but for whom was it intended in a small Cuban town where English was read only by a few hundred American soldiers? The officers and privates of the Sixth Ohio certainly did not need clothing made to accord with "city fashion or town's whim," and nobody else in the place could read the sign. I finally concluded that the proprietor must hope to convince his fellow-citizens of his skill as a tailor by showing them his facility as a linguist—and, indeed, this would not be so glaring a *non sequitur* as it may seem. If he had attained such proficiency in the field of linguistics—a field that he had cultivated, of course, only incidentally, *pour passer le temps*, what must be his skill in the special branch of knowledge to which he had devoted all his talents and upon which he had concentrated all his powers! If I were a Santa Clara Cuban, I am perfectly sure that I should have my pajamas cut and fitted by the tailor who announced in the greatest number of languages his readiness to follow fashion and humor whim.

After a brisk drive of ten minutes through a narrow but clean street already

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arched with leafy bamboo and festooned with flags in anticipation of the arrival of General Gomez, we stopped, just short of the plaza, in front of a low, one-story brick building covered with stucco, which our driver said was the Santa Clara Hotel. Ascending two or three steps, we entered a fine, wide hall with hardwood wainscoting and tiled floor, which led to two interior courtyards set with trees and decorated with blossoming tropical plants in big green tubs. There were electric arc lights with porcelain shades in the office and the hall; the spacious dining-room, of which we caught a glimpse in passing, was set with small square tables covered with fresh white linen, from which came the gleam of silver and the sparkle of cut glass; there was a modern writing-room with paneled and frescoed walls, tiled floor, large library table, and chairs of quartered oak; all the bedrooms were lighted by electricity and furnished with comfortable spring beds, good blankets, and neatly draped mosquito canopies; and the whole house had an appearance of neatness, comfort, and good order that was as welcome and inviting as it was unexpected.

Before we had fairly recovered from our surprise and registered our names in the big book at the office desk, we were hailed in English by a familiar voice from the first courtyard, and, turning in that direction, saw crossing it our old friend Warner, of the American National Red Cross, whom I had not seen before since leaving Santiago in August of the previous year. He had just come from Sancti Spiritus, where he had been distributing Red Cross supplies among the starving reconcentrados, and he was then engaged, he said, in similar work among the poor of Santa Clara.

In half an hour Mr. Warner, his assistant Mr. Conkling, Mr. Gray, and I were sitting at one of the little white tables, exchanging questions and answers between the courses of a good dinner, and narrating our several adventures and experiences in Santiago, Guantanamo, Baracoa, Gibara, Sancti Spiritus, Cienfuegos, Havana, and Holguin.

After dinner we strolled out into the plaza to finish our cigars, and came upon a scene that was very characteristic of Cuba in the early period of military occupation, and one that might have been witnessed, I presume, at that hour in the plaza of almost every large town on the island. In the center of the beautiful little park, under the shade of spreading royal palms, there was a large circle, outlined by an ornamental iron fence, in the middle of which stood a gray stone pillar. The fence supported high, slender iron rods, from which hung long festoons of luxuriant tropical climbers; the space inside the circle was filled with flower and foliage beds, clumps of Bougainvillia and hibiscus-bushes bearing salver-shaped blossoms as large as saucers; outside the fence, under the drooping tendrils of wild morning-glory vines, was a circular row of seats occupied by the well-to-do citizens of Santa Clara and their families; and around the circular promenade, just outside the seats, through the white moonshine of the arc lights and the inky shadows of the overhanging vines, marched a never-ending procession of American soldiers in felt hats, yellow Khaki suits, and dirty canvas leggings; insurgent officers in smart new uniforms of silver and blue; heavily powdered, middle-aged ladies in black lace mantillas, fanning themselves slowly with bright-colored paper fans; and dark-eyed Cuban girls in clinging gowns of white, carrying the large snowy flowers known in Santa Clara as "Cuban bells."

It was interesting to see how the children—and particularly the boys—made friends with the American soldiers. No sooner would one of the Sixth Ohio men take his seat on a bench at the side of the promenade than he would be surrounded with children of all sizes and ages. The girls would stand in front of him and chatter at him in Spanish, while the boys would climb up on his knees, or hang over his back, and entreat him in a childish treble to teach them English words or whistle for them American airs. The soldiers invariably treated their little assailants with good-humored toleration, if not with positive affection; and a dozen times that evening I saw a soldier taking lessons in Spanish from three or four little urchins who were climbing all over him, or teaching them in turn to say easy words in English. Give a six or eight year old Cuban boy access to an American soldier, and he doesn't care for any other amusement.

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After walking fifteen or twenty times around the circular promenade with the crowd, Mr. Warner and I took seats on one of the benches and began a long discussion of the Cuban character. As a result of his year's experience on the island, he had formed, and did not hesitate to express, a very unfavorable view of Cubans in general and Cuban army officers in particular; while I—more for the sake of argument than for any other reason—took up the cudgels in their defense. We failed to come to any agreement, and when, at ten o'clock, we returned to the hotel and he bade me goodnight in the courtyard, he said, emphatically: "Mind what I tell you, Mr. Kennan! The average Cuban is so mean and tricky that he would cut the claws off from a dying cat and try to sell them to the Americans for fish-hooks! You may think I'm prejudiced, but that's straight."

The Shadow on American Life

An Impression of a Recent Visit

By Ian Maclaren

WHEN I returned from America in May, inspired with the recollection of Western scenery, and charged afresh with gratitude to the American people for their kindness, I gave to my own people certain impressions, some new and some renewed, on the life which I had seen and which must quicken the intellect of every visitor. Among other things I enlarged upon the patriotism of the Americans, who are willing not only to spend treasure, but also to give their best blood for the cause of their country; upon their love of education, which has called forth such gifts, and which has its visible symbol in a handsome school-house that dignifies the newest Western settlement; upon the sense of righteousness which asserts itself in every great national crisis, and saves the nation from going wrong, and the quick intellect which amazes the world by its inventiveness and its enterprise. Having done this full justice to a people whom I love, I dared to speak plainly regarding one shadow, I hope passing and certainly not universal, which seems to some of us to rest on American life; and I think it may be claimed that, if one has given pledges of friendship in the unreserved appreciation of what is good, he may be allowed one privilege of friendship, which indeed might be called a duty, in the warning against what is less than good. And this shadow, which so gravely affects the dignity and beauty of American public life as well as sometimes the character of the individual, is the strength of the secular spirit, or the tendency to give an undue place to the value and influence of wealth.

One is not to be understood as depreciating the spirit of enterprise which has done so much to develop business and to advance civilization, nor as denying the right of every man to receive a due reward for his labor, or to reap the profit of his foresight. If a man works in any department of activity, whether with his head or with his hands, he is entitled to ask his wages, and he may take his wages without shame. What he ought to be paid will be settled by a standard over which he may have little control; what is within his control is the manner in which he does his work. If he has done it to the best of his ability and with an honest purpose, then he may with a good conscience and with no loss of self-respect accept his recompense, and therewith let him be content. Should any worker pretend that he is indifferent to wages altogether, and does not care whether he be paid or not, one is inclined to suspect him of affectation and unreality. Should any one be ready to work under the wage fixed by the standard in his department, then he is foolish, and may be doing a wrong not only to himself, but also to other people.

The secular spirit appears, not in a man's industry, nor in his payment, but in the attitude of his mind toward the money which he has earned and received. Suppose, to take a concrete illustration,

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one is engaged to do a piece of work, and the price is fixed at one hundred dollars, because that is the rate arrived at by the judges of value, then a man is not secular in taking his wages for the work done. But if he undertakes this work, not because he loves it, or because he knows how to do it, but simply in order that he may obtain one hundred dollars; if he does this work as cheaply as possible, both in regard to time and substance, instead of putting his soul into it, and satisfying, so far as he can, his paymaster, then has he fallen under the secular spirit, and his work has thereby been vitiated. Suppose, again, that he has done his work excellently, and perfectly fulfilled his contract; still, if he counts the one hundred dollars of more value than the work which he has done, and is forever talking and thinking and planning about dollars, and is ever making dollars to be the end and motive and standard and satisfaction of life, then again he has been dominated by the secular spirit, and his character will be gravely affected. Every calling in life should have its ideal, so that a man may work, not for what he has to get, but for what he is to do; and, if he be a true workman, his final reward will be found, not in what he has got, but in what he has done. The clergyman ought to preach, because he is charged with a message; and the man of letters to write, because he has something to say about life; and the lawyer to plead cases, because he wishes justice to be done; and the physician to use his skill, because he desires to relieve suffering; and the merchant to buy and sell, that he may supply the wants of the community. If a calling has no ideal, then it is not one to be pursued, and does not deserve the name of calling; and if a man is not touched with a sense of this ideal, he is not really a free worker, but ought rather to consider himself a mere mercenary.

There is no country where this secular spirit is not a menace in modern times, drying up the springs of the finest inspiration, and vulgarizing the most spiritual calling; and I take it that there is no man who does not realize at times, with personal shame, how this spirit, like an unwholesome atmosphere, is apt to tarnish his best motives. There is not a country in this matter blameless, and no man who does not often suspect himself; but the friendly visitor to the United States, who is proud of her achievements and delighted by her brightness, stands aghast at the open and unabashed front of secularity. It seems to him as if not merely coarse and unlettered men, whose souls have never been touched either by religion or by culture, but that all men, with a few delightful exceptions, bow the knee to this golden calf, and do it homage. Nowhere is there such constant and straightforward talk about money, nowhere is such importance attached to the amount of money which a man has acquired or possesses, nowhere is it taken so absolutely for granted that the object of a man's work is to obtain money, and that, if you offer him enough money, he will be willing to do any work which is not illegal; that, in short, the motive power with almost every man is his wages. One is struck, not so much by what is said in plain words (although dollar is a monotonous refrain in conversation) as by what is implied; and what is implied is this—that, if you know the proper sum, any man can be induced to do what you want, even although his health and his rest and his family and his principles stand in the way.

There are especially two spheres of life where the secular spirit ought to be kept in check, and where it seems to one visiting America to have a dangerous influence. One is politics; and here every one will agree that, if it is to be well with the commonwealth, it is necessary to cherish the highest ideal of citizenship. We all hold that the judges who administer the law of the country must be raised, not only above personal corruption, but also above its faintest suspicion, and that when bribery, in its most subtle and indirect form, approaches the judgment seat, justice is polluted at her very spring. Ought it not also to be laid down in our minds with equal stringency that they who make the laws must be as pure as they who administer the laws, and that for a legislator to be affected by personal interest in the discharge of his public duty is as horrible as for a judge to receive a bribe in the trying of a case. There are Europeans—fewer every day—who are willing to believe any evil of the public life in the United States, and the writer regards these men with indignation;

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but he has often been pained to learn what reasons they had to excuse, if not to justify, their uncharitable censures. It is freely told—and if these things be not true, it is a scandal that they are said to strangers—that one Legislature is simply the obedient servant of a great railway corporation, that a wealthy trust has offered direct bribes to the law officer of another great Legislature, and that, in one Legislature after another, trusts, railways, rich men, and private interests can control the making and the changing of laws. Americans speak of the municipal government in certain large cities as a scheme of organized plunder, and will tell you what fortunes have been made through the manipulation of municipal affairs and municipal funds. They will point out to you on Atlantic steamers subordinate officers of police who are crossing in luxury for a European tour, and whose means have been obtained from fees levied on saloons and evil houses. If one-half of these charges be true, then the secular spirit in its grossest and most offensive form is staining political life, and this surely ought to be a cause of grave concern and alarm to the commonwealth.

The other sphere where this unworthy spirit has intruded with considerable daring is the Church of Christ, and its presence here is surely a chief irony in history. If the Church is anything, it ought to be unworldly, since it was founded as a spiritual society and to be a home for the soul. Of course the Church must have her organization, and her affairs ought to be managed with as much care as that of any other corporation. Her servants ought to receive a just support, and in most churches Christ's ministers have never been overpaid. There is nothing dishonorable in the minister of religion receiving a salary, although there is sometimes something very dishonorable in the poverty of the salary which is offered by the laymen; nor is there anything unworthy in a minister making provision for his family, so that when he dies they may not be left paupers; and there would be something sinful in his neglecting his own household. When one speaks as if a minister should be perfectly indifferent to all worldly affairs, and hardly know what he possesses, then that person is talking cant and nonsense. At the same time, there is no place where the subordination of the material ought to be so strictly in force, and where domination is more scandalous. It is unchristian, and can do nothing but injury, that a minister should be tempted from one church to another solely by pecuniary considerations (the congregation which has no doubt that it can so buy him ought not to receive any minister at all); that the efficiency of a congregation should be estimated by the number of sittings let or the credit balance at the end of the year; that a minister's work should be judged, not by its spirituality, but by its smartness, and that the man who creates the greatest sensation should be judged a better minister of souls than he who builds up character. And, above all, it comes little short of a religious disgrace that a rich man, because he is rich, and for no other reason, should be able to bully a minister, and practically give him notice to quit; and that, not because the minister has not preached the Gospel, or done his work as a pastor, but because the church under his care has not prospered in dollars. When the visitor to the United States happens himself to be a minister, nothing makes him more indignant than to see how his brethren are alternately tempted and browbeaten by this secular spirit, which is not unknown in other lands, but seems to have attained a perfect height of insolence in America.

Nothing is more encouraging in American life than the insurrection of conscience in a moral crisis, and the great reformation which it then works. When the Augean stable reaches a certain intolerable condition, then American citizens arouse themselves and cleanse it thoroughly; and there can be no question that, whenever any issue of righteousness is put before the nation, the nation decides rightly. What the friends of America desire is that there should be no relapses and sleeping times of the public conscience, but that the strenuous spirit which will always deal with larger abuses should be more constantly brought to bear both upon political and ecclesiastical life, and the secular spirit be so driven both from Church and State that no man shall be rich enough to hold the poorest minister of Christ in bondage, no body of men strong enough to deflect the smallest Legislature an inch from the path of duty.

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A Singular Literary Survival

By C. E. Means

IN the South Atlantic States, before the Civil War, there were scattered here and there a singular class of people—a set of squatters without character, without possessions, without aspirations. Most of them could barely read, and their writing was crude in spelling and character.

The habitations of these people were tumble-down log cabins, considered unfit for the occupancy of the negroes. The good-natured landowner would allow a family to remain without paying rent, until the illicit trading with his negroes for goods stolen from him became too annoying to be endured. Warning would be given to the offenders to leave the premises at once. They would go without protest, to be succeeded in a few weeks by others of the same ilk. In fact, these people moved in circles, and in five or six years were pretty apt to be doing business at the old stand.

These people were called "poor white folks," the "poor whites," "poor buckra." Never "crackers;" the latter were more Americans. "Poor buckra" they were always called by the negroes. Buckra was, with the black man, the generic name of the white man. "Poor buckra" belonged to this class of people specifically, and was a term of obloquy. Between the negro and the "poor buckra" there existed a bitter class hatred—a hatred born, perhaps, of the familiarity that breeds contempt. The "poor buckra" were necessary to the negroes, as the receivers of the stolen wares which the negroes considered to be only the perquisites of servitude. They knew perfectly well that the "poor buckra," after disposing of cotton, corn, peas, and other articles consigned to him as middleman, always kept the lion's share of the profits.

The "poor buckra" had no visible means of support, and this surreptitious trade with the negroes was his avenue of income. He was cunning enough to keep within bounds, and rarely made himself sufficiently criminal to provoke the planters to seek any legal steps to repress the petty thievings. Work was unknown to him. Now and then one might maul rails for a few days at a time, but the regular occupation of the men was hunting rabbits and squirrels and fishing. The women spun a very little, wove less, and begged, in a whining way, a good deal from the gentry. To the landowners these people were subservient in demeanor but malicious in deed. It was from these people that the conscripts of the Confederate service were drawn, and they were also deserters if opportunity offered.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his "Making of the Great West," says that "the 'poor buckra' are the descendants of indentured servants and redemptioners who had fled from the plantations on the coast from their severe masters and squatted on the hills at the foot of the mountains." Their hatred of the wealthier class he considers as a heritage from generation to generation. Certainly there still exists among these people a pure English strain of names and phrases not found among other uneducated whites of the South. Take the names of women: Selina Horn, Susannah Rochester, Elizabeth Abernathy. Grandsir (grandsire) is used instead of the cracker's granddaddy or grandpap.

Most interesting of all survivals, however, are the old English ballads still sung by these people. A slight local coloring has crept in, words substituted for others of analogous sound; but the spirit, the sense and sensibility, of the romance song are entirely preserved.

For the purpose of comparison, the ballad "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor" is transcribed from Percy's Reliques.

Dr. Percy says, by way of introduction: "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor is given from an ancient copy of black letter in Pepys's collection entitled 'A tragical ballad on the unfortunate loves of Lord Thomas and fair Elinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl.' In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song and reduce it to different measure—a proof of its popularity:"

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester
And a chaser of King's deere.

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Fair Elinor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved his deere.

"Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle us both in one:
Whether I shall marry with faire Elinor,
And lett the browne girl alone?"

"The browne girl she has houses and lands,
Faire Elinor she has got none.
And therefore I charge thee on my blessinge
To bring the browne girl home."

As it befell on a high holiday,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Elinor,
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Elinor's bower
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so ready as faire Elinor
To lett Lord Thomas within.

"What newes? What newes? Lord Thomas,"
she sayed,
"What newes dost thou bring to me?"
"I am come to bid thee to my weddynge,
And that is bad newes for thee."

"O God forbid, Lord Thomas!" she sayed,
"That such a thing should be done.
I thought to have been the bride myself,
And thou to have been the bridegroom."

"Come riddle my riddle, deare mother," she
sayed,
"And riddle it all in one:
Whether I shall goe to Lord Thomas his wed-
dynge,
Or whether shall tarry at home?"

"There are mayne that are thy friends, daugh-
ter,
And mayne a one your foe;
Therefore I charge you on my blessynge
To Lord Thomas his weddynge don't goe."

"There are mayne that are my friends,
mother,
But were every one my foe,
Betide mee life, betide mee death,
To Lord Thomas his weddynge I'll goe."

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in greene,
And as they rid through every town
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas
To lett faire Elinor in.

"Is this your bride?" faire Elinor cried.
"Methinks she looks wondrous browne!
You might have had as faire a woman
As ever trod the ground."

"Despise her not, faire Ellin," he sayed,
Despise her not unto mee;
For better I love youre little finger
Than all her whole bodye."

The browne girl had a little penknife,
It was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short rib and the long
She prick'd faire Elinor's hearte.

"O Christ thee save!" Lord Thomas he sayed.
"Methinks thou look'st wondrous wan.
Thou usest to have as fresh a color
As ever the sun shone on."

"O art thou blind, Lord Thomas," she sayed,
"Or canst thou not very well see,
O dost thou not see my own heart's bloode
Run trickling down my knee?"

Lord Thomas he had a sworde by his side,
As he walked about the hall.
He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders
And threw it against the wall.

He sett the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his hearte.
There never three lovers together did meet,
That sooner again did parte.

Now let us look at the "poor buckra" version of this ballad:

Lord Thomas rode up to far [fair] Elinor's
door,
And *tingled* on the ring.
There was none so ready as far [fair] Elinor
herself
To let Lord Thomas in.

"What news? What news?" fair Elinor cried,
"What news, what news?" cried she.
"I've come to ask you to my wedding!"
"Oh, very bad news!" said she.

"Come mother, oh mother, riddle these words;
O riddle this riddle for me:
Shall I go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or tarry at home with thee?"

"I'll riddle your riddle," her mother said,
"I'll riddle the riddle in three:
Don't go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
But tarry at home with me."

Fair Elinor dressed herself in white,
Her servants she dressed in green,
And as she rode all through the town
They took her to be some queen.

She rode up to Lord Thomas' door,
And tingled on the ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas
himself
To let fair Elinor in.

He took her by her lily-white hand
And led her up the hall,
And thar he sot her at the head of the bed,
Amongst the neighbors all.

"Is this your bride?" fair Elinor cried.
"Why, she looks wonderful brown.
You might have married as fair a girl
As ever the sun shone on!"

The brown gal had a little penknife,
It was both keen and small;
She stuck it in fair Elinor's heart,
Amongst the neighbors all.

Lord Thomas he had a little keen sword,
It was both keen and small;

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He took and cut off the brown gal's head
And *kicked it* against the wall.

As he went shuffeling [shuffling] over the floor,
The p'int stuck in his breast.
Was ever three earthly lovers so soon
Sent to their heavenly rest?

The first four verses of Percy's ballad, used to introduce characters and circumstances, are lost in the poor buckra version. It opens with the visit of Lord Thomas to fair Elinor, and her question, "What news?" at once brings the announcement of his wedding. She cries out, "Very bad news!" and thus the information of their love is understood. Her mother's warning is shorter but quite as positive. Her determination to go, as announced in her dressing servants and self in their best, is quite as positive as if she had spoken out her disregard of her mother's advice.

"Tingled at the ring"

is more euphonious than

"Knocked there at the ring."

Fair Elinor's arrival at Lord Thomas's door has the reiteration of the Percy version, but a more dramatic turn is given when—

"He took her by her lily-white hand
And led her up the hall,
And thar he sot her at the head of the bed,
Amongst the neighbors all."

This marked honor shown by the bridegroom to his old sweetheart ignited the spark that was fanned to so fierce a flame by fair Elinor's own bad-mannered and ill-natured strictures on the bride's swarthy skin in comparison with her own fairness.

The Nemesis,

"Cut off the brown gal's head
And kicked it against the wall,"

is more realistic than

"He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders
And threw it against the wall."

The last verse of the poor buckra version evidently has been tinkered on by some one of pious proclivity.

"Earthly lovers" hurried off to "heavenly rest," despite jealous rage and murder, even if Lord Thomas's death was accident and not suicide, smacks of revival meetings, at the outer edge of which the poor buckra sometimes, perhaps, "got religion."

Another curious ballad survival is seen in the following poor buckra version:

"Whar have you been, McDonald, McDonald,
Whar have you been, McDonald, my son?"
"I have been out hunting, mother—
Make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"Whar are your greyhounds, McDonald, McDonald,
Whar are your greyhounds, McDonald, my son?"
"They are still out sunning, mother—
Make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"Whar did you get your dinner, McDonald, McDonald,
Whar did you get your dinner, McDonald, my son?"
"I dined with my sweetheart—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What did you have for dinner, McDonald, McDonald,
What did you have for dinner, McDonald, my son?"
"We had white fish and poison—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your father, McDonald, McDonald,
What will you will your father, McDonald, my son?"
"I will him my gold staff—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your mother, McDonald, McDonald,
What will you will your mother, McDonald, my son?"
"I will her my gold watch—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your sister, McDonald, McDonald,
What will you will your sister, McDonald, my son?"
"I will her my jewelry;
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your sweetheart, McDonald, McDonald,
What will you will your sweetheart, McDonald, my son?"
"I will her a keg of powder
To blow her sky-high!
For I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

This ballad seems to be a combination of two ballads given in the second volume of Professor Child's "English and Scottish

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Ballads," first edition, "Lord Donald" and "Lord Randal:"

"Whare hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?
O, where hae ye been all day, my jollie young man?"
"I've been awa courtin'—mither, make my bed sune;
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

The questioning varies from the other text about what he has eaten. His testamentary gifts also vary; the last verse has the same spirit of revenge, but the means to be used coincide more with the times when the ballad was made:

"What will you leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?
What will you leave to your true-love, my jollie young man?"
"The tow and the halter for to hang on yon tree,
And lat her hang there for the poysoning o' me."

The ballad of "Lord Randal" introduces the word "weary" in the refrain as in the poor buckra version:

"Whare got ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where got ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi' my true-love—mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down."

With the changed conditions of industry in the South, the poor buckra will probably in a score more of years disappear. So far, I do not believe that they have been induced to become factory operatives. The crackers gladly take the position, but the poor buckra lives mostly on the edge of towns—in the winter selling little packages of pine, in the spring bringing ferns, in the summer blackberries. As the country becomes more populous and thrifty there is less room for him.

Books and Authors

William Morris [1]

In all externals Mr. Mackail's "Life of William Morris" is nearly ideal; the type, form of volume, and cover-stamp are such as the founder of the Kelmscott Press himself would have approved; while the line engravings are admirably suited to their purpose, and give delightful glimpses of Kelmscott Manor, both exterior and interior, and of the Red House at Upton, which Morris built and decorated for his bride—the parting from which was such a grief to him that he would never revisit it even for a day—while the portraits include fine reproductions of such masterpieces as Watts's painting of Morris and Rossetti's portrait of Mrs. Morris. The work is, in truth, one for the book-lover to examine carefully and hold precious among library possessions.

Turning from form to substance, we believe that the final verdict will be that Mr. Mackail's work falls short by some distance of the ideal, but it is in the main satisfactory. Certainly the author has put thoroughness and sympathy in his work, and he has had at his disposal abundant authentic material. The chief defect is a lack of perspective and proportion, a tendency to dwell too long on less important phases and periods of Morris's versatile life, and thus to slight other and more vital phases. This is not to be wondered at when we remember how many were those phases, how productive that life. "Poet, artist, manufacturer, Socialist, and author of the 'Earthly Paradise'" Morris has been termed in a biographical compilation, but even this terse summary is far from being all-inclusive. With such a man as subject a biographer has no easy task to bring out all sides of his work and thought saliently and in due relative value. Particularly does the reader miss as full and critical an account of Morris's literary achievements as one could wish—the facts are here, but the interpretation is unequal and slight.

The man Morris, however—his personality as apart from his achievements—Mr. Mackail brings out in clear colors: his impetuosity, his indomitable energy, his quick temper, his enthusiasm for each new undertaking, his unflinching honesty of purpose, his love for the beautiful in art and nature, his "earth-hunger," his passion for "good work," his happiness in following his bent and in pushing his

[1] *The Life of William Morris.* By J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Two Vols. $7.50.

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way to producing something tangible, lasting, and sound—something, if might be, both beautiful and useful. And whether he were making books, wall-paper, furniture, fabrics, or art-glass, he must know the technique in every point; he dyed with his own hands, he could and did weave, print chintz, carve, set type, as well as design and illuminate, while his painting was by no means inferior (Rossetti long urged him to make painting his sole profession), as was shown by his lovely "Queen Guinevre," reproduced in this book; in architectural work he was also an adept, and for a time after giving up his Oxford plan of entering the Church he was fully resolved to make architecture his profession. There are those, to be sure, who lament that Morris turned his energy into so many crafts, holding that his literary genius was never given its full scope; but the author of the "Earthly Paradise," "The House of the Wolfings," and "The Story of the Glittering Plain" needs no apology for giving also to the world such splendid specimens of bookmaking as the Chaucer on which his last thoughts were engaged, or for establishing a new standard of taste in English housefurnishing and decorating, or for expending his strength and money in trying to bring about through Socialism a better distribution of the benefits of civilization among the workers. "No work which cannot be done with pleasure is worth doing" was his favorite motto; and the best proof of his unbounded sympathy with humanity is the wide range of the things he loved to do and in which he excelled. In a letter to a friend (quoted by Mrs. Zueblin in an article on the factory at Merton Abbey, printed in The Outlook about the time of Morris's death) he used these words: "I am an artist or workman, with a strong inclination to exercise what capacities I may have and a determination to do nothing shabby, if I can help it; or, if I do anything shabby, to admit that I have done so, and to be sorry for it. This appears to me to be the Socialist religion." This is sound industrial doctrine, and there was romance as well as practical force in the way that it was applied. As Mr. Mackail says, speaking of the beginning of Morris's business career, "The eagerness of the maker, the joy of craftsmanship, had come to him, and come to stay—so it was that, in half-unconscious adaptation to the conditions of modern life, the monastery of his Oxford dreams rose into being as a workshop, and the brotherhood became a firm registered under the Companies act."

Three bits of extract may combinedly give an idea of Morris's personality better than analysis or description. Of his passion for external nature he wrote:

> Oh me! Oh me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it! The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!

Contrast with that this glimpse of a vigor which occasionally drove all before it:

> Once at the Red Lion Square he hurled a fifteenth-century folio, which in ordinary circumstances he would hardly have allowed any one but himself to touch, at the head of an offending workman. It missed the workman and drove a panel out of the workshop door.

And finally add to the portrait this succinct statement of Morris's view of the relations of art and Socialism written in 1896 in reply to an American correspondent:

> Society, so called, at present is organized entirely for the benefit of a privileged class; the working class being considered in the arrangement only as so much machinery. This involves perpetual and enormous waste, and the organization for the production of genuine utilities is only a secondary consideration. This waste lands the whole civilized world in a position of *artificial poverty*, which again debars men of all classes from satisfying their rational desires. Rich men are in slavery to Philistinism, poor men to penury. We can none of us have what we want, except (partially only) by making prodigious sacrifices, which very few men can ever do. Before, therefore, we can so much as hope for any art, we must be free from this artificial poverty. When we are thus free, in my opinion, the natural instincts of mankind toward beauty and incident will take their due place: we shall *want* art, and since we shall be really wealthy, we shall be able to have what we want.

The Great Discourse is a compilation by an anonymous author. He has distributed the sayings of our Lord into over a hundred sections, each admitting of a caption, pointing to some specific department of truth, or trait of character, or line of duty. The author makes no pretension of criticism or of interpretation, and his work is in no sense a harmony or a commentary. He has discharged his task, not only with reverence, but with good sense. In it

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we feel conscious of what he tells us, namely, that the work is the outcome of his own search for spirit and life. We believe that it will have a wide use beyond the author's personal needs.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were (with some exceptions) received by The Outlook during the week ending August 25. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Mr. Lucien Young has published, through the Doubleday & McClure Company, of New York, *The Real Hawaii.* Mr. Young was a lieutenant on the U.S.S. Boston, stationed in Honolulu during the revolution of 1893. The chief value of his book lies in his account of that revolution. He was an eye-witness of it, and he was also an important participant in it. His volume is dedicated to the late John L. Stevens, then our American Minister to Hawaii, and also to the late G. C. Wiltse, Commander of the Boston. The object avowed in the preface is to do justice to their memories. The book is prepared from notes made at the time. A proper regulation forbids the publication of such manuscripts by officers of the Navy Department without the authority of the Secretary of the Navy. This publication was refused under the Cleveland Administration, but has been granted by Secretary Long. Mr. Young's account states that Queen Liliuokalani purposed by a *coup d'état* to set aside the Constitution; that she had small support even from the natives in so doing; that the result of her effort was the counter revolution which issued in her dethronement; that, as a consequence of these two revolutions, there was danger of anarchy, bloodshed, and peril to American citizens and American property; that no troops were landed by Commander Wiltse until it became manifest that the *coup d'état* government was unable to protect itself, and could not protect life and property; and that thus several thousand American citizens and many million dollars' worth of American property were in danger. Furthermore, according to Mr. Young, while the troops were landed simply for the protection of Americans and their interests, Commander Wiltse was scrupulously careful not to give any support to either of the parties in the controversy. It is true that the testimony is not that of an impartial witness, but of one who frankly avows his prejudices to be those of a strong believer in the view represented by the American or so-called missionary party; but it is also true that at the more important points it is confirmed by the somewhat naïve autobiography of Queen Liliuokalani, of which notice has already appeared in these columns.

Who's Who in America is modeled after the eminently successful English "Who's Who." It includes 8,602 brief biographical sketches of men and women of the United States, Canadians being excluded. It would be easy to point out faults of omission and admission—we note, for instance, that such well-known New York clergymen as E. B. Coe, Charles E. Jefferson, H. A. Stimson; William Lloyd, Rabbi Mendes, Henry Mottet, Arthur Ritchie, Merle St. C. Wright, and C. H. Eaton are not in the book—but in a work of this extent and scope such faults are almost inevitable. In the main the editor, Mr. J. W. Leonard, has done his work with skill and discretion. The usefulness of the book as a work of reference, and especially in newspaper offices, can hardly be exaggerated. A necrology from January 1, 1895, to January 1, 1899, is a welcome addition. (A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago.)

Anything from the author of "In His Steps" is sure to command wide attention. The Rev. C. M. Sheldon's latest volume is entitled *John King's Question Class.* John King is a clergyman, and his class is of course composed of inquiring young men and women. Some of their questions are as follows: "A boy is beginning to read trashy books. I have tried to get him interested in Scott and Cooper and Trowbridge, but he does not seem to care for any of their works. How can I get him to read good books?" "Is not football brutal and degrading, as shown by recent games played between college teams?" "What are the two best books for the average young man to read?" "Is the possession of money really a necessity to happiness?" "Do you believe in a personal devil?" John King answers these and many other questions, and his answers are generally to the point. The author endeavors to make the questions

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and answers incidental to the telling of a story, and it is an interesting story. (The Advance Publishing Company, Chicago.)

Across the Campus, by Caroline M. Fuller, is a book full of the charm of the life at a woman's college. A group of girls are followed through their four years' varying experiences, from the tentative Freshman days to the end of the Senior year. Very natural, wholesome, sane creatures they are. Their growth in grasp and perception, and their loyalty towards one of their number who fails in uprightness, are shown in a way that cannot fail to delight any one who cares for a girl's story of the most attractive kind. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Black Rock, by Ralph Connor, is a Canadian story having as its theme the history of a crusade against the liquor evil in the northwestern territory. It is full of tragical and sad incidents, but at the same time it is, considered merely as a story, vigorous and abounding in incident. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

Two good stories for young people are *A Village Contest*, by I. T. Thurston, and *The Whistle in the Valley*, by Edward A. Rand, both published by A. I. Bradley & Co., of Boston. The former is more particularly adapted for boys, the latter for girls, while both have considerable humor and story interest.

Two little books have just been published, the one of practical help to Sunday-school workers, and the other of no less practical help to missionary society workers. The first is entitled *The Spiritual Life of the Sunday-School*, and is by the Rev. Dr. J. W. Chapman. The second is by Mr. A. R. Wells, and is entitled *The Missionary Manual*. Both are published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor of Boston.

In Terms of Life is the title of a book compiled by the friends of the late Wilbur W. Thoburn, of Stanford University. It consists of his sermons and lecture-fragments, to which are appended certain appreciations of Thoburn himself by members of the University. His loss must have been a real one, for in the sermons and lecture-fragments we discern a crisp, energetic, manly style, revealing an admirable character. (Published by Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.)

The great merit of Dr. G. F. Stout's *Manual of Psychology* (Hinds & Noble, New York) is that it is not only clearly but entertainingly written. This exposition of psychology is from the genetic point of view. After some introductory chapters, the author divides his exposition into the departments of general analysis, sensation, perception, ideational and conceptual processes. The result of a study of this book is that even a tyro may begin really to live himself into psychological problems. To the student already familiar with psychological formulas, however, the result must be the gain of a power to deal with the subject even when accustomed formulas fail him.

Ecce Clerus; or, The Christian Minister in Many Lights, by A Student of the Times, is a series of interesting papers on a variety of subjects specially concerning pastors, and relating to their character, their functions, their methods, and their achievements. It bears the marks of a ripe experience, and is pervaded with a warm evangelical spirit. In referring to the question of the future state of the wicked as "the bugbear of the present-day evangelical pulpit," the author discloses his conservatism. His discussion of itinerant as compared with settled pastorates indicates a Methodist connection. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

The reply of Dr. John P. D. John, ex-President of Depauw University, to Robert G. Ingersoll, which has been given as an address more than five hundred times, is now in book form, entitled *Did Man Make God, or Did God Make Man?* It is characterized by much of fitness and force, but is hampered by a defective theory of divine inspiration. We do not think that Mr. Ingersoll can be adequately confuted by any one who feels bound to maintain that the Israelites massacred the Canaanites by divine command, and that the creation story in Genesis is in full harmony with modern science. (Frank Caldwell, Indianapolis.)

A series of six addresses on sanctification by self-surrender to the Holy Spirit, given at parlor meetings in Cobourg, Canada, has been published under the title *Happy; or, The Holy Spirit in the Heart*, by the Rev. Melville A. Shaver, minister of the Congregational church in that place. Over against the author's fear that few Christians know the Holy Spirit

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may be set the encouraging fact of a great and increasing output of books of this sort. This one is characterized by brevity, simplicity, and practicalness. (William Briggs, Toronto.)

Money's Worth, by John Henry Norman, "expert in the science of and practice with money, author of 'Norman's Unit of Weight System,' 'Norman's Universal Cambist,' etc.," is, as its title-page implies, a badly written and egotistical volume, containing quotations from the author's former works and authoritative tables by which to reckon the value of the coins of different countries in terms of one another. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Two interesting and often even thrilling records of missionary devotion, daring, and suffering come from the press of the F. H. Revell Company (New York). In *Missions in Eden* Mrs. Crosby H. Wheeler, who has been for forty years a missionary of the American Board in Harpoot, tells of life and work in the valley of the Euphrates, with many picturesque glimpses of Armenian domestic and social customs. In *Among the Wild Ngoni* Dr. W. A. Elmslie, an English medical missionary, gives an account of the history of the Livingstonia Mission in British Central Africa. Native beliefs and superstitious practices are described, with many curious incidents. Both books are illustrated.

A lucid exposition of the mechanism of mind is given by M. Alfred Binet, Director of the Laboratory of Physiological Psychology in the Sorbonne, in a compact monograph on *The Psychology of Reasoning, Based on Experimental Researches in Hypnotism*. He holds that "the fundamental element of the mind is the image," resulting from an excitation of the sensory centers of the brain cortex; that "reasoning is an organization of images," determined by the properties belonging to them; that "the images have merely to be brought together to become organized," and then "reasoning follows with the inevitable necessity of a reflex." *E.g.*, an orange being presented to the eye, there is first an image of a yellow round; this calls up an image of a fruit before eaten; then the image of an actual orange succeeds, and the reasoning process completes itself in the identification of this third image with the first: this image of a yellow round is the image of an orange. Such is the translation into psychological terms of the formal syllogism of logic. We cannot find, however, that M. Binet recognizes any motor behind the movement of the mental mechanism. He rejects, indeed, the theory that the mind is passive in perception, but its activity is for him merely an activity of "images," which he describes as living elements, which "attract each other," etc. It would seem, then, that previous to the formation of images by stimulation of the brain cortex there is no mind, nor any after the brain is stilled forever. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.)

Books Received

For the week ending September 1

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Heyse, Paul. L'Arrabbiata. Edited by Max Lentz. 30 cts.

Roark, Ruric N. Method in Education. $1.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Montaigne. The Education of Children Translated by L. E. Rector. (International Education Series.) $1.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASS'N, CHICAGO

A.L.O.E. The Robbers' Cave.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK

Aucassin and Nicolette. Rendered into Modern French by Alexandre Bida. Translated into English by A. Rodney Macdonough.

Educational Nuggets: From Plato, Aristotle, Rousseau, Herbart, Spencer, Harris, Butler, Eliot. Compiled by John R. Howard. 40 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Speer, William W. Advanced Arithmetic.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Forman, L. L. A First Greek Book.

HOME JOURNAL PRINT, NEW YORK

Choate, Isaac Bassett. Obeyd, the Camel Driver. $1.

THE LITERARY SHOP, CINCINNATI

Herrick, S. M. Thoughtful Hours.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Bax, E. Belfort. The Peasants' War in Germany, 1525–1526.

State Trials, Political and Social. Selected and Edited by H. L. Stephen. In Two Volumes.

Deuar, George A. B. Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands. $3.

Shakespeare, The Works of. Volumes VI. and VII. $1.50 each. Edited by C. H. Herford. (The Eversley Edition.)

Plutarch's Lives. Volumes VII. and VIII. Englished by Sir Thomas North. 60 cts. each.

Turgenev, Ivan. The Diary of a Superfluous Man and Other Stories. Translated by Constance Garnett. $1.25.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. $4.

NOVELLO, EWER & CO., NEW YORK

Standard Anthems by Gounod, Martin, Stainer, Stanford, and Others. 5 cts. each.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

McCulloch, Catharine Waugh. Mr. Lex. 35 cts.

Waugh, Thomas. The Power of Pentecost. 30 cts.

Moody, D. L. Men of the Bible. 30 cts.

Super, Charles W. Between Heathenism and Christianity. $1.25.

Beardslee, John Walter. The Bible Among the Nations. $1.

Torrey, R. A. Ought Christians to Keep the Sabbath. 10 cts.

Vance, Rev. James I., D.D. Royal Manhood. $1.25.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., BOSTON

Draper, Andrew S. The Rescue of Cuba.

CHARLES C. TREAT, NEW HAVEN

Mutch, William James. The Testing of a Soul. 50 cts.

D. VAN NOSTRAND CO., NEW YORK

Baker, M. N. Portable Water. 50 cts.

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The Religious World

Over-Supply of Clergymen

The ideal conception of the ministry is the free service of men in God's name, but the actual condition of the ministry is an occupation demanding salaries and wages. It is one of the many businesses of life, conducted upon a salary basis, a profession among other professions, and it is subject, as are all other businesses, to the problems and evils of unemployment. There are men out of work in the ministry, but there are no more men out of work than in other callings. The spirit of combination is in the air; it has affected the clerical profession, as it has all other employments. Church unity and concentration have resulted in throwing good clergymen out of work. Such concentration has already been mentioned in these columns in comment upon the statement that at present there is an over-supply of clergymen for Congregational pulpits. While combination and concentration are responsible for some of the unemployment, we do not believe that the great proportion of the surplus is made up of well-educated, well-trained ministers. It is natural that Congregational churches should prefer such to the immigrants from other denominations (perhaps one-third of their annual addition coming in this way), to men trained in seminaries but not in colleges, to graduates of Bible schools, etc. Not only in the Congregational, but also in other churches, most of any surplus of clergymen is due, first, to the seminaries with their stipends, and, secondly, to the churches with their lowered ideals of what a minister ought to be. It has been claimed that the theological schools do not present such high standards as law and medical schools. This imputation ought to be refuted, but it never can be until that relic of barbarism is checked; namely, the indiscriminate giving of money to support theological students and to make ministers. To change the present sending out of numbers, rather than quality, our seminaries should take the same stand in regard to pecuniary aid to students which has been taken by some colleges. There should be an exclusive scholarship basis for preferment. Above all others, theological students should *work* their way to an education and to their profession. It is a sad criticism on common sense whenever we find the standard both of scholarship and of self-sacrifice in the ministry below that of other professions.

Clerical Efficiency

As to self-sacrifice, many men seem to enter the ministry so that they may escape the merciless competition which weeds out the incompetent from other professions. They are sure that the Church will support them, not only when they begin to study, but also when they are once inside the clerical fold. An artist, a scholar, or a social reformer knows that he is not as sure of pay as a cook or a carpenter would be, but he prefers to take the risk and be true to his ideal, whether he be paid or whether he starve. The clerical unemployed, however, are apt to seek salaries first, believing that all other things shall be added thereto. There is, indeed, an over-supply of competitors for salaries and for attractive places. However, every clergyman is a missionary, and hence is ordained not to be on the lookout for an arrangement for his own comfort. His business is to preach the Gospel. Therefore he must make his own place. As in any other calling in life, in the ministry success is determined by a man's efficiency. The test comes, perhaps, not so much in the cities as in small towns where the income of the church is slender, and the opportunity for effective leadership of men greater than in the cities. Whatever drainage there may be goes to those cities to lie idle or to live on odd jobs. The Church is thus really full of useless clergymen of whom it cannot rid itself; on the other hand, there is abundant room for good, earnest, God-serving men, and these are hard to get. The reasons for an over-supply of clergymen are, first, not so much the lack of opportunity as the lack of the particular opportunities which men fancy they must find; and, second, because so many clergymen lack the necessary qualifications, the scholarship, the self-sacrifice, the eagerness to work anywhere.

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No man called of God to the work of His ministry ever sought in vain for that work. The men who are out of work are in such a condition chiefly through their own fault. The field is not merely the parishes and missions in existence, but the world.

Negro Advancement

Many Southern Christians are beginning to realize their mistake when they failed to inaugurate mission work among the negroes directly after the war between the States. With the exceptional opportunities furnished by the warm relationships which still existed in some measure between former master and slave, they might have prevented many subsequent troubles, besides materially improving the race in morals by continuing the religious ministrations which they had carried on among them in ante-bellum days. Moreover, they owed something to the negroes for the fidelity with which they had stood watch over Southern homes during the entire four years of the war, when the whole civilized world expected to see the latter rise up in insurrection on account of the supposed brutalities of which they had been the victims in servitude. But conditions were such at the close of the war that Southern people were in no humor for viewing the question in what now appears to have been the proper light; and so, without deliberating over the matter, they promptly committed the religious welfare of the negroes into the hands of those who had emancipated them. Since the Civil War much has been accomplished toward the improvement of the race in educational directions. Colleges and universities endowed by Northern philanthropists have sprung up in addition to those educational facilities which Southern people have provided. But the criminal reports show that the negroes have, unhappily, not made the same progress in morals which they have made in text-books. This is due, in part at least, to the insufficiency of those agencies which have heretofore been employed to reach the great masses of the race with competent instruction on religious lines. And herein lies the duty of Southern people. They occupy the same geographical environment which the negroes occupy. They are largely dependent upon the negroes for domestic, agricultural, and commercial labor. What benefits the negroes will benefit them. They possess the confidence and esteem of the negroes, and they can labor among them much more conveniently than can those of other sections. Since they have everything to gain from the elevation of the race, they are certainly the ones who are mainly charged with the duty of looking after its religious welfare. Especially marked has been the interest which Presbyterians have shown in the matter of taking up mission work among the negroes. A good illustration of what Southern Presbyterians are doing is furnished by the mission school recently started among the negroes of Atlanta by the Central Presbyterian Church. This school was organized in July, 1898, with Mr. R. E. Rushton, one of the prominent business men of Atlanta, as superintendent. Seventy pupils were enrolled on the first Sabbath. Since that time the average attendance has increased to one hundred and thirty. Seven white teachers are employed in the school, three men and four women. Besides the regular Sabbath-school exercises, which are held on Sunday afternoons, prayer-meeting services are held weekly on Tuesday evenings, at which the attendance averages between thirty and forty. Encouraged by the good results which Presbyterians have met with, other denominations in Atlanta are agitating the matter of engaging in like work. What is true in Atlanta is also true of other localities. Southern Christians are now impressed with the duty which rests upon them to do what they can in promoting the religious welfare of the negroes; and, having at length reached this conviction, they will not be slow in making up for past shortcomings.

Pundita Ramabai

The increasing interest of America in Eastern peoples causes the friends of the Pundita Ramabai's work in India to hope that new circles may be formed and new helpers obtained to support the schools which she has established among the child widows in India. The Shâradâ Sadan cares for seventy-five pupils, and the Mutki Home for three hundred and sixty-five, with an annual need of twenty thousand dollars, only five thousand of

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which has so far been promised. All of our readers are presumably familiar with the suffering of the children whom the Ramabai is helping; and in a land like this, where women enjoy unlimited freedom and opportunity, the call comes with exceeding force to aid those who endure the restrictions of India. The Executive Committee of the Ramabai Association appeals to women's clubs in the United States to include among their other endeavors this work for the women of India. The Chairman of the Association, Mrs. J. W. Andrews, will gladly speak before any interested circle or club or organization on her experience in India, and her personal knowledge of Ramabai's work. Mrs. Andrews's address is 36 Rutland Square, Boston, Mass. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. E. Hayward Terry, 222 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Religion in German Schools and Universities

At a recent prayer-meeting in Cannes, France, an Englishman stated that he had not found a real Christian at any German university. Whoever judges German religion from a foreign standpoint will surely err. No people really pay less attention to externals, but no people think and believe more profoundly. Germany is not lacking in religious influence. The only criticism that may be made is that she sometimes spends her strength too methodically, clumsily, pedantically. For instance, in the examinations of all schools the knowledge of religion plays so large a part that no teacher may be empowered to teach unless he has a thorough comprehension of that subject. The rectors of middle schools have almost always been theologues, and the examiners always. In the country districts school-inspection is entirely in the hands of theologues. Instruction for confirmation lasts a year anyway, generally two years. School sessions are opened with obligatory prayer. In general, it may be stated that little opportunity is lost to impress the intimate connection of religion with education upon the scholars' and the teachers' minds. While from its governmental side no German university has any irreligious bias, the religious control to which a young German has submitted at school ceases when he enters the university. He is now treated as a man of mature judgment; he may choose religion or he may not choose it. Christianity among the Germans is, before everything, free. In the university, therefore, they have insisted upon entire liberty of conscience. Again, most Germans believe that their religion should be a matter of the heart, not necessarily of the mouth. Hence, even those eminent professors whose books have gained the admiration of American students sometimes puzzle the latter by an unfriendly attitude toward outward manifestation of religious feeling. To many Germans an American prayer-meeting would be torture. On the other hand, there is hearty religious union and upbuilding in the various clubs and Verbindungen. Another help toward club religious life is found in the adjunct work done by young clergymen in a large parish, assisting the rector —a work deservedly more and more in vogue there as here. Indeed, this grouping is even more welcomed in Germany than in America, since there have been more candidates for places in the Fatherland than there were places to be filled. How has this been possible if there has been no religious life? Such life in German universities may be differently expressed from that in our own; but at least it is as deep in freedom, freshness, sincerity, spirituality. The fact that every year hundreds of American students sit at the feet of such loved religious teachers as Harnack, Kaftan, Pfleiderer, and Weiss, and come away not only mentally strengthened but spiritually refreshed, is a sufficient answer to critics who still look askance at the religious influence of German universities.

Note

In the programme of the International Congregational Council which appeared in our last issue it was stated that the address on Missions would be delivered by the Rev. Charles M. Lamson, D.D. The death of Dr. Lamson caused great sorrow, especially among those who had hoped to hear him at the Council. The Committee has been very fortunate in inducing the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., to take the place of Dr. Lamson. Dr. Storrs was to have been President of the Council, but the condition of his health obliged him to withdraw his acceptance of the honor. He has, however, consented to speak on Missions, and the English delegates will thus have the opportunity of hearing the most conspicuous orator of the American pulpit on a subject which is dear to his heart.

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

The inclosed clipping purports to give, in part, "The Creed of the Freethinkers," as formulated by Mr. B. F. Underwood, of Boston:

> All sacred books, so called, are products of evolution; many of them are valuable as records of past thought and as expressions of religious life; they are all human, fallible, and their teachings are to be accepted only so far as they accord with reason and truth. All religious systems are outgrowths of the human mind, natural in origin and development.

My "query," in no consciously unfriendly or prejudiced spirit towards the "higher criticism," is this: Wherein does this "creed" differ, in the last resort, from the conclusion one must draw from the principles enunciated in such works as Professor Kent's fascinating "History of the Hebrew and Jewish People," and I may add Dr. Driver's "General Introduction to the Old Testament," etc.? Is there any other standing-ground if these "principles" be accepted unqualifiedly?

W. H. M.

It differs as a half-truth differs from the whole truth. It differs by ignoring the immanence of God in the process of evolution, and the consequent divineness of the evolution from rawness to ripeness, gradually eliminating earlier error until the full-orbed truth appears in the filling of the human spirit with the divine in Jesus the Christ. Undoubtedly the evolution is "natural," but "nature is spirit," and the process of what we call revelation is one of spiritual evolution, in which the human spirit draws inspiration from the divine within. The Scriptures themselves constantly appeal to the *moral* reason, or conscience, for attestation. The Protestant principle, also, is that the seat of spiritual or rational authority is not external, but internal. But one must emphasize against some "freethinkers" the importance not of *mere* reason but of *more* reason, more light than many a half-informed mind is content with.

An important correction in the text and the translation of several passages in the Old Testament is made by Canon Cheyne in the "Expositor" for August. In 2 Kings vi., 25, in which an ass's head and dove's dung are described in our Revised Version as commanding a great price for food during the siege of Samaria, the corrected text will read: "A homer of lentils was sold for fifty shekels, and a quarter of a cor of carob pods for five shekels." The pods of the carob-tree were the "husks" that the swine ate (see Luke xv., 16, Revised Version, margin), used for human food only in extremity. So Canon Cheyne corrects our reading of Isaiah i., 19, 20: "If ye be willing and obedient, the best [fruits] of the land shall ye eat: But if ye refuse and rebel, carob pods shall ye eat." (Instead of the last clause our Bibles read, "Ye shall be devoured with the sword.") This emendation, Canon Cheyne goes on to say, must also be made in a passage where it will afford a great relief to the reader—2 Kings xviii., 27, with which Isaiah xxxvi., 12, agrees. The corrected text gives this translation: "Rab-shakeh said, etc., "Has he not sent me to the men who sit on the wall, that they may eat their carobs and drink their sour wine with you?"

In The Outlook for May 20 I see the question, "What means 1 Cor. xi., 10?" I venture to send another explanation of this passage, by Samuel Sharpe, the distinguished English Bible student, whose translation of the Bible preceded the Revised Version. I give it from memory, viz.: The word translated "*angels*" is sometimes used for "*preachers*;" our "evangelist" coming from the same root. The meaning of the text is: "For this cause ought a woman to have a *veil* on her head, because of the *preachers*;" *i. e.*, the preacher from his elevated position could see her, although the men in the congregation could not, on account of the partition dividing men from women. The text reads like the answer to a question. There is an old German word for veil, "macht," which seems to have been derived in the same way. In The Outlook for June 17 I see James Freeman Clarke's "Legend of Thomas Didymus" referred to as giving the views of those who discard miracles. Dr. Clarke himself was a firm believer in most of the miracles of Jesus, discarding only those which seemed to belong to that nimbus of false miracles which grows up around true miracles. In "Thomas Didymus" he gave what he conceived to be the position of a rationalist inclined toward skepticism. His own views in regard to miracles are clearly and fully stated in "Orthodoxy: Its Truths and Errors," Chapter IV. L. F. C.

The last part of the above is com-

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mended to the attention of several who have recently written to us on the subject of miracles.

Does the doctrine of the deity of Jesus imply that Jesus, while on earth, possessed all the attributes of the Deity, including omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence? For instance, are we necessarily to suppose that, at any moment of his earthly career, Jesus fully comprehended the movements of the planetary system or the principles of the higher mathematics? W. H.

The doctrine, as now held by the majority of orthodox theologians, adopts from Philippians ii., 7, Revised Version, the "kenotic" theory, so called from the word there translated "emptied himself." According to this, deity in Jesus was subjected to the necessary limitations of a human organism and mind; to which most would add, such limitations also as were inseparable from human life at that stage of history, such as ignorance of modern science.

What is Priestley's rank as a theologian, and what the value of his "Notes on Scripture"? W. P. E.

We suppose you refer to Dr. Joseph Priestley, who was one of the earliest and most influential Unitarians in this country, as well as in England previously, and to his "Harmony of the Evangelists in English, with Critical Dissertations," published in London in 1780. This was a work of high rank at that time, but it has been in many points superseded by the results of critical research during the past century.

Kindly tell who Edmond Stapfer is, and what his standing, especially in the theological world. E.

Some months since we answered the question by stating that he is Professor of Protestant Theology in the University of Paris, and identified with the liberal evangelical school. He is known in this country by his books on the life of Christ, published by the Messrs. Scribner. His high rank as a theologian is well recognized.

Kindly explain just what is meant by the terms "High Church," "Low Church," and "Broad Church," when used in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church. W. W. W.

These terms, though more commonly used in reference to members of the Episcopal body, are applicable and sometimes used toward others also with the same general significance; a "high churchman," for instance, denoting one who makes a more or less exclusive claim of divine right for the peculiarities of his own sect. "Low churchman" is the antithetical term, with the further difference that in the Episcopal communion it also indicates an emphasis on evangelical preaching, while the high churchman is disposed to emphasize the sacraments. "Broad churchman" is a term that may include either of the above varieties, according as the comprehensiveness and liberalism which it indicates are in ecclesiastical or theological matters.

Please name some volumes most useful to a student of the moral, social, and political history of the Israelites before the Christian era; those which will indicate in what they were superior to the peoples of their time. X.

Israel as a whole was not superior to all peoples of her time. Of this the writings of the canonical prophets bear evidence. While the kingdom stood, false prophets were in the majority, and contributed largely to its downfall. The glory of Israel was in its small nucleus of gifted souls, who kindled and kept the light of a pure religion. These were the great prophets to whose work Jesus builded on, "to complete" it, as he said. See Kent's "History of the Jewish People" (Scribners), Cornill's "History of Israel" (Open Court Company, Chicago), W. R. Smith's "Prophets of Israel" (Macmillan), Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile" (Putnams).

St. Matthew's, St. Mark's, and St. Luke's Gospels relate the temptation of Jesus. . . . Have you any conception of how these writers obtained their knowledge of the events as related by them? T.

It is most natural to suppose that Jesus imparted an account of his mental conflicts to the disciples in intimate conversations. The story of the temptation must be understood as relating what Jesus went through in his mind and imagination while he was reflecting in solitude upon the possibilities of his approaching career. It could have been only in imagination that he stood upon the pinnacle of the temple, etc.

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FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Caddie's Bear

By Emma C. Dulaney

When Laddie went into the kitchen one morning he found Mammy Chloe standing at the big pine table busily engaged in scraping and cleaning some big object lying upon it. This strange thing excited the little boy's curiosity, and he called the little sisters to see it too.

Brownie stood off at a distance and looked at it wonderingly, while wee Flossie peeped at it from the shelter of grandma's big apron.

"What *is* that thing with such big eyes, grandma?" asked Laddie.

"That," said the dear old lady, with a smile, "is Caddie's bear."

The children edged away from the table a little further, and Laddie said:

"A bear—where did it come from?"

Mammy Chloe laughed and stopped her work long enough to say: "Yo' auntie can tell yo' all 'bout dese kinds ob bears, chil'en."

"Can she?" exclaimed the little boy.

"Yes, indeed," answered the old black woman; "she can tell yo' a story 'bout one."

"Oh," said Brownie, "let's go and ask auntie to tell it, Laddie." And off the children went to look for Aunt Carol where they knew they would be sure to find her—in her wheel-chair on the big shady porch.

"Aunt Carol," began Laddie, as soon as he caught sight of her, "Mammy Chloe was fixin' a *dreadful*-lookin' thing with awful big eyes in it, and she said it was a bear and you could tell us 'bout it—will you tell us, auntie?'

The little boy was almost breathless after his long speech, and Aunt Carol made him and the little girls sit down and rest a few minutes before she began the story they wanted to hear.

Then she said: "Now you may tell me what sort of a 'bear' that awful thing was, and then I will know what story it is I am to tell you."

So the children described the object which Mammy Chloe was cleaning and which grandma had called "Caddie's bear."

"And you want to hear about that wonderful animal, do you?" asked Aunt Carol, laughing merrily.

"Yes, ma'am," said Laddie.

"Is it a truly story, auntie?" asked Brownie.

"Indeed it is," said Aunt Carol.

"Then it ought to be 'once on a time,'" said Laddie.

"So it shall begin that way," said Aunt Carol, as she smoothed Flossie's silken curls. "Shall I begin now?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little boy, as he and Brownie drew their stools closer to the wheel-chair and Flossie nestled closer to Aunt Carol's knee.

'Well," said she, "once upon a time there lived a little girl whose name was Caddie—like our Brownie, she, too, had brown eyes and long brown curls which seemed too heavy for the head they grew on.

"This little girl loved her books and was never happier than when she could creep away to some quiet spot with them. When she was a very little girl she lived with her parents in a large city, but when school was closed she used to come to this very house to spend her vacation with her grandmother.

"She was such a quiet little girl that every one was glad to have her come for a long visit, for, as her grandmother once said, 'Caddie never *meddles*, and, for that reason, my mind is always easy about her.'

"But there came a time when she *did* meddle, and *such* a terrible fright her meddling gave her! She liked to make herself useful, and her grandmother would let her dust the furniture, and dry the dishes, and do lots of little things about the place to help her.

"One day, after helping with the dishes, she said: 'Is there anything more that I can do for you, grandma?'

"'Well,' said the grandmother, 'if you

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want to, you may shell some peas for dinner. I am going to see a neighbor who is sick; when you get the peas shelled, you can wait for me, if you wish, or, if you feel too lonesome, you can go upstairs to your aunt.'

"'Oh, I'm not 'fraid,' said little Caddie. 'I'll wait till you come back.'

"'Very well,' her grandmother said; 'I reckon I won't be gone so very long.'

"When Caddie was left alone she sat down in the kitchen door to shell the peas; in a little while she heard such a funny noise that she stood up and looked all around, but could see nothing to cause it, so she sat down again and went on with her work.

"Still the noise kept on, and it sounded as if it were something saying, 'Bubble, bubble, bubble-de-bubble,' until poor little Caddie was so puzzled that she scarcely knew what to think or do.

"'Sounds like somebody's tryin' to talk to me,' she said as she listened to the funny noise. 'Maybe—oh, I do wonder if it's a fairy!' And then she tried to make out what was being said, but all she could understand was 'Bubble, bubble-de-bubble!'

"Once she happened to look toward the stove, and she saw the white steam coming from under the lid on a big iron pot; and, as she stood looking at it, she said: 'I wonder what grandma is cooking in that big pot?'

"Then the little imp that coaxes people to meddle with things which are not their own told her to lift up the lid and look into the pot to see for herself.

"As she went toward the stove she saw that the lid made little jumps as if it was being pushed up from the inside by something, and the funny noise she had heard seemed to grow louder.

"What a racket there was inside the pot! 'Bump, bump! bubble-de-bubble,' went that something in it, until Caddie's curiosity could no longer be held in check, and, taking a cloth from the table, she lifted the jumping lid up and peeped into the big pot.

"No wonder the little girl was scared, for bobbing up and down in the water that was in the pot was a great big head with two tremendous eyes that seemed to look straight through her. As it bobbed up and down the noise was louder, and the awful head seemed to say: 'You meddlesome little girl! How dare you take the lid off my pot?'

"Poor Caddie! She gave a look at the dreadful thing, and then, with the lid tightly held in her hand, she started up the stairs toward her auntie's room, crying loudly: 'Oh, Aunt Beth; it's a bear—a great big bear!'

"Up the steps she ran, screaming all the time, and fell upon the broad landing almost out of breath, and *so* scared that she could not tell her auntie what she had done.

"Just then her grandmother came back from her errand, and hurried upstairs to see what was the matter, and when she saw the pot-lid in the little girl's hand she said: 'Why, Caddie, child, what made you bring the pot-lid upstairs?'

"And then, between her sobs, Caddie told what she had heard and done. 'I was so scared I forgot I had the lid in my hand, grandma,' she said; 'all I wanted to do was to get away from that awful bear with its two big eyes, so I ran as fast as I could to Auntie Beth.'

"And how grandma and Auntie Beth did laugh when poor Caddie had told her story! And her grandmother said:

"'Why, little girl, that's not a *bear;* it's only a *calf's head* I'm cooking.'

"'But it's so—so big,' sobbed Caddie, 'and it bobbed up and down so fast, and its great big eyes just looked at me like's if they could see to my backbone.'

"Then her good grandmother took her back to the kitchen and showed her that the awful eyes were only big holes where eyes had been; and then she explained to her how it was that the boiling of the water in the pot had made the noise she had heard, and that it was the escaping steam that made the lid jump up and down.

"And she told her, too, how wrong it was for little folks, and big ones too, to meddle with anything, and how she hoped her little Caddie would never again be tempted to do so. And the little girl wiped away her tears and promised that she never would.

"And," said Aunt Carol, looking into the childish faces about her, "Caddie has always tried to keep that promise."

"Did you know her, Aunt Carol?" asked Laddie.

"Indeed I did," was the answer; "and

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I will never forget how frightened she was that day. It has been a long time since then, but she has never seen a calf's head since without laughing over the time when she peeped into the dinner-pot and saw the big thing she thought was a bear that said to her, ' Bubble, bubble, bubble-de-bubble!' "

Can any of my readers guess who " Caddie " was ?

Through a Pane of Glass

Very few of us know how beautiful the bottom of the ocean is. In southern waters we can see much deeper than in our northern waters.

In Bermuda a wooden box about twelve or fifteen inches deep, with a glass bottom, is used to look at the water life. This box is trailed after the boat or held at the side, revealing wonderful, beautiful plants, fish, sea flowers, caves and mountains and sea forests.

In the island of Santa Catalina, on the Pacific coast, boats for travelers are used having a pane of heavy plate glass about twelve feet long inserted in the bottom, raised so that in running in and out shore it will not be struck by rocks. The passengers sit on either side of this pane of glass, and watch the wonderful sea life over which they are passing. These boats are used at night, when the water is illuminated. Every move of the boat, the water dripping from the oars, brings the most beautiful colors in view. Sometimes it seems as if great worms were floating in the water. These appear and disappear; coming to the top, they are caught, and prove to be sea worms, that, held in the hand, emit about as much light as a smoldering sulphur match.

Another thing revealed by these glass-bottomed boats is the destruction caused by some of the sea insects, such tiny creatures that you scarcely see them. They eat into the great trunks of trees used to build wharfs, and so honeycomb them that the wharf falls into the water after a time. The piles of the wharfs are ablaze with light given out by these tiny creatures at night.

One Way to Wash Dishes

Some of our naval officers were in Mexico several years ago. They went to visit some villages of one of the peoples or tribes of Mexico who were interesting because they clung to their old habits of living. Their houses were huts. There were great numbers of wild geese in this section, and these officers decided to go shooting. They came back, and the Mexican women, while the geese were being cooked, made some tortilla, a bread peculiar to Mexico. It is made of corn ground by hand between stones, and baked on a flat stone before the fire. The cakes are made very thin. When the geese were cooked, the pieces were laid on the plates of tortilla. When the officers had eaten their meal, they ate their plates.

Selling Snow

In warm countries like Italy, ice is very hard to get, and costs a good deal of money. One of the princes living in northern Italy near the mountain ranges sells snow. The snow is packed in baskets and carried by mules at night to coast villages, where it is shipped to the cities and sold at three and five cents a pound. This prince has the entire right to this trade.

What They See

People who live out-of-doors all the time, like some of our Indians and the wild peoples of Africa, say beautiful things of changes in the great out-of-door world that we hardly notice. In Africa one tribe call thunder "the sky's son," morning "the day's child," twilight "the eyelashes of the sun." One native of Africa called ice "water fast asleep."

Sweet Confidence

By Thomas B. Chrystal

A-six-year old young lady
Stood near the music-stand
In Central Park, one Sunday,
With candy in her hand.

She looked around bewildered,
As if she were afraid;
Then to a Park policeman
The little maiden said:

" Do you like candy, mister?"
" No, not a bit," said he.
" Well, then," she cried, " I'll trust you
To carry mine for me!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

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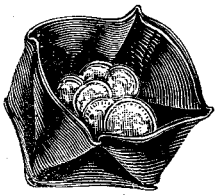

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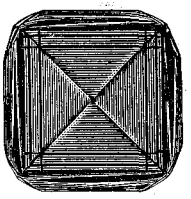

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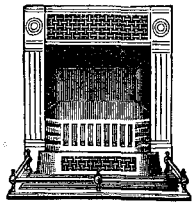

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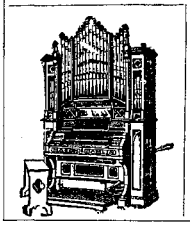

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